CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE MENDICANTS

We are as mendicants who wait
  Along the roadside in the sun.
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
  Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
  And glory in the days of old;
While some are dreamers, harping still
  Upon an unknown age of gold.

O foolish ones, put by your care!
  Where wants are many, joys are few;
And at the wilding springs of peace,
  God keeps an open house for you.

But there be others, happier few,
  The vagabondish sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
  And care not how the world may plod.

They loiter down the traffic lands,
  And loiter through the woods with spring;
To them the glory of the earth
  Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They, too, receive each one his Day;
  But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
  Above the dignity of kings.

—*Richard Hovey.*

Drawn by Fred Lathrop Arnold. Porridge—See page 309

"THE OLD LADY WAS ALL SYMPATHY, OH, NOT FOR THE MAN BUT FOR THE BIRD, 'CAUSE 'UM DID GET SUCH A SHAKING.'"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V. MARCH NUMBER 5

THE LETTERS OF LOUIS

Being the authentic and literal chronicles of Louis Kon, former Russian revolutionist, and latterly a man of his own hands in Canada.

BY LOUIS KON

First Letter

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

VERY ECCELANT EDITOR:—There exist many kinds of disease, some of them may be observed only in some parts of the world, as reasons of climat, geographical situation and so far, but it exist one very bad and dangerous disease, which has his victims all over, without regard on climat, geographical situation, class of society, sex, or part of the world—it is so called "writting-mania."

"Writting-mania" is known as long, as teaching of reading and writting, and the possibility of curing this disease, at present, is yet as small as curing of stomach-cancer.

For instance myself, a very good Christian, a man of very human opinions, capable excavator, painter, clark, railroadman, canvasser, lumberjack, etc., as every one has to be in this country, a man whose life cred is one of the ten commandments, i.e., "do not do others, as you would have them do on to you," can not keep me away from this awful disease.

The difference between the "writting-mania" and all other diseases is on this point, that not the victim is suffering from it, but the editors and very often readers of different magazines, periodicals and newspapers.

The time I want to describe my experience in Canada was unfortunately a leap year, that means a year, when average human being has to think, if can not take, three hundred sixty and six times, instead of 365 about breakfast, dinner and supper; also in the period of very strong financial crysis in the States; immense profits of different trust corporations; great fights between Hackenshmidt and Gotch, Taft and Bryan; in the time of overflow of Canada with Salvation Army emigrants (as it was expected a war between the humanity and devils), and many, many more or less important politycal, historical and social questions, very well known to everybody, even without a slightest knowledge of Esperanto, but who reads the daily, weekly or monthly publications in any language.

I was born in a beautiful country, very similiar to the Canada, regarding the greatness of occupied area, vegetation, climat, soil and mineral richness,

HOME! WHERE ONE CAN'T ALWAYS INDULGE IN FREE SPEECH, OR GIVE VENT TO HIS POLITICAL BELIEFS

but where a man, who do not have the same opinion as the governement, or his officials, about anything at all, what strikes his mind in daily life, or do not belong to the governement church (church and governement in my country is the same meaning, but different prononciation) is called and fined as a most dangerous murderer or is sent to a very, very cold country, which in geography figures under the name of Siberia.

It is quite simple and easy to understand, that some people becomes desperate in such conditions, and notwithstanding great love and attachment to his mother-country, customs, habits, folk and friends, looks in the large world after any new and more free fatherland, where he can freely talk even about reduction of liquor licenses, or compulsory education and choose together with his fellow-citizens his own governement; free think and talk and push ahead the civilization.

About sixteen months ago I was in the ranks of desperados and common sense told me, that is more wise for one to start the life once more, start to learn strange language and customs, as to be the target of exercise of the Russian soldiers or policeman in such a human invention as is the smokeless powder.

Farewell dear and sweet home! May be I will see you again in some better days, when you will approache a little nearer to the civilized times, when you will recognise the sensible and cordial desires of your sons to put you in the row of civilized countrys. May be never again! Last sight, few hard sighs, last farewell, thousands of different reminescenses and thoughts and on the road of new life.

As a school boy I received very often beautiful books, describing Canada and Indians life. It was my greatest pleasure after reading few chapters, to swing in imagination higher yet, as did the author himself and see myself as a chief of some Indian tribe, riding on the wide open prairies and haunting the innumerous herds of buffalo.

In those pictures as a kid I have seen Canada but how different and surprising I found the very country a year and few months ago!

Before I could study the country, I have had to experience a great deal of troubles, which began from very starting of my journey to my new fatherland.

For average man the meals hours are usualy pretty agreable parts of the day. For me, on the steamer between Liverpool and Halifax, they were the most painful.

Fancy, dear reader, that you are really hungry. You sit down at the table with other fifty persons and the waiter waiting for your orders held before you the bill of fair, written in a

language, which you can read, but do not understande nor pronounce.

You show to him any one name with your finger, and the obliging waiter with slight smile shows you a plate of potatoes, standing opposite your nose. You drop few lines farther on the menu and he shows you salaries and young onions, or some fruit or cheese, which are on the table from very beginning of the dinner. You start to be uneasy and shutting down your eyes you point any one of the many names printed of the menu and after few minutes the same kind waiter serves you with some sauce and pastry or ice cream.

In the meantime your neighbors from both sides, as well as your vis a vis, enjoy different of your favorite meat or fish dishes, which make your mouth water. But you can not, because you do not know the names and do not know how to ask as simple question as "what is that," or "how do you call it." For to-day ice cream for dinner. To-morrow we will try to point something more solid.

Probably a really Canadian would have gone strait to the kitchen and would pick up from the pots and pans anything more becoming to his apetite and taste, as I would do now, but it was before my Canadian experience.

Our steamer approached to Halifax in the late afternoon hour, and all I could see on the coast were the many lights and white snow spots, all I could hear it was indistinct whistles and noise.

How great thing is imagination. In the white snow spots and the many lights, I have see Indian wigwams and tents, in the railroad whistles and bells and factories noise, I have heard the dancing and singing of Indians.

My disappointment in the next early morning was awfull. Forts and fortresses of Halifax with sticking out heavy guns of different sizes, masses of smoke, hanging from factory chimneys, sound of railroad engine bells, towers of

OVER HERE THE INDIANS SING "GOD SAVE THE KING"

churches, lighted with rising sun rays, were before my sight—but not one Indian, not one Wigwam.

However, I consolated myself, that farther from the coast, in the heart of the Canadian prairies my expectations will be not disappointed.

I inhabited in the Capitol of the golden North-West.

Broad streets and sidewalks, electric street-cars and light, fancy carriages and autos, very nice and big sensible hight buildings, up to date cafes, restaurants and hotels, most fashionable goods in lovely trimmed store-windows, a few theatres and every comfort, charm and luxury of an modern city. Is this really Canada? Canada about which I read so many romances in my young years?

Fortunately I made acquaintance with some gentleman, who spoke one of the languages I knew, and he was good enough to be my guide in the strange place.

Mr. X., my guide, was one of the prominent politicians in the city. He spared not time to show me universities, colleges, school buildings, public libraries, parks, banks, and everything at all the city possesses. My admiration and acknowledgment for the Canadians and their progress in every direction was too great to describe.

"But how about Indians, whose I was so anxious to see," I asked Mr. X?

"Indians?" repeated Mr. X., "O, pretty good; if you want see the life of savage Indians, their customs, dresses and so far, you have wait till the summer, when Barnum and Baileys' circus comes to our city. Our Canadian Indians you can see right here." And he pointed three gentlemen which walk across the street.

"You see," said Mr. X., "the Indians in this country sing God Save the King and My Old Centucky Home; read magazines and subscribe matrimonial newspapers from Chicago; play cricket, hockey and diabolo; ride in street cars and automobiles. They eat plum-pudding and oysters cocktail; they purchase phonographs and sweet caporals; they very often say: 'Come one, have a drink,' but they never got it. Why? probably white people is too afraid he short himself on liquor."

"And the Canadian buffalos I read so much about?"

Mr. X. turned to the West and said: "In Banff, 992 miles from here on the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line, in direction to the Pacific coast, there are the genuine hundred and eighty-four Canadian buffalos, beside good many crowd of buffalos you can see on the streets of our city, for, as people says, many years ago, some of the Indian gods have changed a number of buffalos into the human beings." I suppose he meant his political oponents.

Few days after, came to me one of my countrymen, who was living in this country for some years and was interested in political affairs.

He proposed to me to go on the country and held political meetings among foreigner farmers.

Would I possess the strength and skill in boxing, my countryman would doubtless receive few heavy punches for such an impertinent proposition.

"Here," said my friend, "are pamphlets and booklets in French and German, here platform of our party and of the opposition, here different newspapers. Read all this stuff through, and be ready in a week to start your work. In two weeks election. Further informations you will receive for the departure. Be sure."

"But I have not the slightest idea," I wanted say to my visitor, but in the same moment he was away.

Hundred and twenty hours during this week I was busy in reading the political material and educating myself in political matters of my new fatherland.

Six days before election at half-past one, p.m., I was standing on the station of a small town.

"Bonjour, monsieur Kon," I heard behind me, and healthy, strong and with rosy cheeks farmer shaked hands asking follow to waiting sleigh.

"It is very far to your farm, sir," I asked my new acquainted. "Not very. About eight miles. But we have the next meeting place about twenty miles from here in a Galician colony and I would be very pleased

to hear you addressing this meeting to-night."

In a small room were forty-six men, beside few women and children, sitting on the brick stove. After lovely ride on the fresh air, the atmosphere was so stiff and overloaded with tobaco smoke, that I was afraid to loose the control of mine brains, including my political knowledge, so hard conquered during the last week.

All of the present at the meeting farmers were at least living in Canada three years, and very many six, eight and more, but none had the slightest idea about importance, even signification of politic. They were sure, that political parties are some business companys, doing as butcher or second-hand dealer some kind of large business, but how, who and what kind of business it is, they did not know and were not very anxious to learn.

In their own country, they were not allowed to get in politics. That part of progress belongs there to the rich people. In this country, they do not understand the language and they can not read the papers.

It was a meeting of six and a half hours. I have had a hard fight to make the people understand that I am not a real estate agent, nor travelling salesman and that my object is to explain platforms of both parties and show the difference between A and B.

It was not use to talk about McDonald's, Mackenzie's, Tupper's or Laurier's governement, or Greenway's or Roblin's regime, governement telephone system or school flags question, as very many of the present did not know how to sign cross, or O.

One of the present Galiciens asked me if his wife's cousin, Mr. Potylink who is living in Brandon, votes for my company.

Nothwithstanding I never heard before about such a place as Brandon, nor such a name as Potylink, I expressed my supposition that he does. After my reply the same gentleman said:

"Look here neighbors, you know how smart and clever was Potylink in old country. It is quite true, that he never was working in this kind of business as this gentleman (pointing towards me), but he was the biggest

I MADE POLITICAL SPEECHES TO MY COUNTRYMEN

hog dealer in our village and if he is for this company, we should be also."

Next morning, Monsieur P., my impresario, awakened me at 4½ in the morning with following announcement:

"Say, good man, get up. Breakfast ready. At nine o'clock meeting eighteen miles from here." During five days three meetings daily in Russian, Polish, German, Galicien or French, among different advanced in political matters people.

Then back to my room and learning the meaning, prononciation and spelling of such prosaique words as chops, pie, and so far.

It was a hard game, especially the sound "th." Notwithstanding I possessed a pretty large stock of words in my memorie, the English speaking people could not understand me of cause my wrong accent and prononciation.

Once I went in a hardware store, with intention to buy a rifle, certainly learning before this word from a dictionary for a half one hour. On the road between my room and the store I have see so many strange to me words on the business signs, which I used to pick up and my brains were so overtaird from long learning of the word "rifle," that when the salesman asked me what I want, I said "a skunk."

"I beg your pardon," repeated the clark, "what do you want?"

"A skunk" was my reply again.

Slight smile on the clean shaved face of the salesman, perhaps supposition that something is gone wrong with my mental power and a very gently reply:

"I am very sorry, but we don't keep neither living, nor mounted skunks; good bye."

Asking for loafers in bakery instead of loafs, or sawdust in grocery instead of sodas (crackers) was very common.

In meantime I received a position of an editor of a foreigner newspaper.

I was very happy of this work, as writting for newspapers was my favour occupation in the old country. But, alas! the editor of this paper who with one printer has had to fulfill all functions from choping wood and writting editorials, to sweeping the prinderie and carry to post office the boundles of printed paper, had to be a trained pugilist, to defend himself from the people of different opinion about any at all question mentioned in this newspaper.

The subscribers were good enough to accept the newspaper, but scarcely 0.00$\frac{5}{4}$ payed for it. The publisher pretty soon ended the accounts, paid to me 22 dollars and fifty cents for six week glorious editing, and taking a big chew tobacco, said:

"May be in some better days we'll be more successful in such an enterprise. Now, I start to deal with old country sausages and sauerkraut. It is more profitable and sure line to deal among our people."

Now I will tell you more on the next time. Selah!

(To be continued)

THE LAY OF THE LAND

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "Tattlings of a Retired Politician," etc.

"A city hammers and polishes its denizens into a defined model; it worships standardization; but the country encourages differentiation, it loves new types."—DAVID GRAYSON.

WHAT a sermon could be preached from this simple statement! Only those who have lived both the life of the city and the country can understand the full sweep of possibilities in this quiet and serene text. Perhaps I should go still further and say that its complete appreciation is possible only to the man who, having passed a boyhood in the country, has heard the keen, alluring call of the city, obeyed the summons, and become for years a struggling unit of the great sum total of a city's population—then has recovered his poise and returned to a closer and finer contact with the country than would have been possible to one who had never suffered exile from its wholesome and constructive influence

At any rate, it is from such a viewpoint that the author sees this problem and offers these comments on the spirit of David Grayson's wise words. And let me confess, at the start, that I cannot think of the man who has no connection whatever with the soil as more than half anchored; he seems, at best, but a potential drifter on the current of life, a being whose existence is had in a secondary and artificial

THE MAN WHO HAS RETURNED TO A CLOSER AND FINER CONTACT WITH THE COUNTRY

world without that intimate and cleansing contact with primary and elemental things essential to a clear, sane and wholesome perspective of life in all its relations and values.

During the last generations there has raged a disease that may fairly be called "*city-mania.*" From the moment a boy in the district school has shown the promise of abilities a little above those of his fellows his eyes have been turned toward the city as the only goal worthy an ambition. Of course there have been exceptions, but this has been the rule. And the movement has not been confined to the "bright boys," either; the average boys and the dull boys have followed in almost endless procession. They are still following in increasing numbers but not, I believe, in increasing ratio—for we are upon the fringes of a new epoch in population adjustment which will be known as the "*Renaissance of the Soil*"

That such a movement is close at hand is well recognized by those who have their ears close to the ground—ears trained to detect things of just this sort. Only a few days ago I spent several hours with the Assistant Secretary of the Department of Agriculture of the United States government and, while he studiously held himself to the line of official conservatism in his expressions, every fact disclosed by his conversation emphasized the imminence of this condition, of this active and vital movement. The Department of Agriculture is urging the appropriation of millions of dollars for the establishment, in every state of the Union, of agricultural high schools. Its intent is to open to the youth of the United States a new agency for a scientific training in agriculture.

There is but one deduction to be made from this fact: governments—and especially democratic governments—do not act in matters involving the expenditure of millions of dollars without the knowledge that there is a definite demand for such action; a situation which presents all the compulsion of an emergency which must be met and provided for and which will be justified by the moral support of the citizens of that government.

Unless the officials of the United States Government having charge of its agricultural interests recognized that we are close upon this Renaissance of the Soil, would it have secured and expended the vast sums for the training of scientific farmers which have been appropriated by Congress within the last few years? Or would it seek at the hands of the people millions more to be expended in still more advanced and progressive work along the same lines? The movement to the soil is not only imminent, it is actually upon us—and, it is a great and happy thing to recognize and welcome it! And this is not by any means confined to the United States: the Canadian Government has recognized this quite as clearly and has, perhaps, gone to greater lengths in providing for it, in making it easy for the youth to hear the call of the land instead of the lure of the city.

Western Canada, of course, has more to offer in the way of agricultural possibilities than has any one of the older countries. Her splendid prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, were so long misrepresented in regard to climate and soil, by those interested in preventing settlement, that it is only within the last quarter of a century that people in any considerable numbers have gone in there, and although each year now sees an increasing host marching Canada-Westward, still the areas are so vast that the Government can hold out as great opportunities as ever,—greater in fact, for year by year hundreds of new miles of railroad gridiron the country, opening vast areas to comfortable and profitable farming. During the last fifteen years a great influx of people has increased the population of these provinces from 219,305 in 1891, to 893,351 in 1907 Yet the map published by the government showing the parts of the country that have been taken up, looks like a skeletonized leaf, with the railroads for veins.

Between the railroads, with their fringe of population, there are great

tracts of unoccupied lands, especially in the newer provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta. Southern Manitoba has been pretty thoroughly covered with rails, and consequently is well settled, but the other two provinces have thousands of acres of government land left, and the railroads are making them accessible as fast as human power can accomplish it.

Then let all this serve as a prelude to the statement that in a new and more compelling sense than ever, the youth of America are confronted with a choice between the country and the city, and that it is up to them to sit down soberly and "get the lay of the land,"—to face the facts and

THEY HAVE BEEN TURNED TOWARD THE CITY IN ALMOST ENDLESS PROCESSION

adjust the eye of ambition to the far perspective and see if the light of Destiny has not shifted from the crowded, struggling city back to the land

Admit at the outset of this readjustment of view that some are born to commerce and to the professions which minister to it, and to divert them from this natural destiny would be a sad mistake. Determine if you belong to that contingent which is foreordained, so to speak, to the profession of law, engineering, medicine, or literature, or to the business of trading in the strictly commercial sense. If so, go after the thing you are "*born to*," and go hard. But if, like the majority of men, you are not sure of your "foreordination and election" to any of these callings, but possess good average abilities in several directions, then it is well to pause at the forks of the road which lead on the one hand to the city and on the other to the country, and ask yourself several searching questions.

Let the first one be: *What will I get out of it*—of the city life or the country life—in the long run? And if you make the comparison a mere matter of figures, you will miss the main thing in the whole matter. *Not all the trial balances of life can be struck in figures.* In fact, the best and the most substantial ones are incapable of expression by this medium.

Lately a magazine editor said to me "I have a friend who holds a big position which brings him a salary high up in the thousands; he bought a farm a few years ago, and whenever we meet he wants to talk farm to the exclusion of other topics. He was so

enthusiastic the last time we were together that I asked him when he proposed to give up his position and devote himself entirely to farming. His answer was: 'Bless you, man! I couldn't afford to throw up my position; it takes a good share of my surplus earnings to keep that farm going!'

"Then he explained that this did not mean an absolute loss on the operation of the farm, but that he was always putting more into the place than he took out of it. But the change which that farm has made in my friend is remarkable; I believe it has added years to the length of his life and I know it has paid him rich dividends of happiness of a very tangible and solid sort—the kind that lasts. More than that, it has made him a much broader man; he can now see things from the viewpoint of a producer; his sympathies are no longer those of the conventional city man but those of a real representative citizen of the country at large; his farm has helped him to think more and to think out of the beaten track. There are to-day thousands of these well-to-do city men who have gone in for 'fancy farming,' who, to use their own expression, are 'working to support farms'—thousands of them where there were only hundreds a few years ago."

"On the other hand, what about the farmer who makes his acres pay him handsomely?" I asked, as a feeler, of my editor friend.

"He has increased in numbers immensely, but his betterment in condition has gone ahead at a still greater ratio," he replied. "There was a time when the farmer who made money skimped along, worked himself and his family into early wrecks, and got nothing out of life beyond the balance between expense and income. Farmers of this sort are growing scarcer every day, but there are some left and always will be. *Men of this sort fail utterly to raise the best crops that a farm can produce, namely, wholesome and happy human beings.* But there is a big class of farmers, which is growing bigger each day: those who make their farms produce pleasure, contentment, and the solidest sort of happiness, and at the same time, can show a substantial profit on each year's operations.

"Some day I am going to print an article by the right man, showing that the man who is called 'fancy farmer,' 'agriculturist,' 'fool farmer,' and the like, is far less foolish than the farmer who gets money and *nothing else* out of his farm. The 'fool farmer,' to my mind, is the man who only sees drudgery and dollars in what he is doing, to whom a tree is not a thing of beauty, but simply so much cordwood with roots to it, and who would cheerfully see his farm gutted by steam shovels if he could get a little more out of it that way than by developing and cropping it."

This editor saw what thousands of other broad men are seeing, and what those of us who are near the soil *know*—that this century is feeling the beginning of a tidal wave running soilwards! That there is scarcely another field of effort open to the investment of capital and energy where there is such a chance for good judgment and superior executive ability to make themselves felt in results that pay.

To turn again to Western Canada for illustration—for after all, the most striking agricultural results are being obtained there—it is only necessary to keep one's ears open to hear story after story, well authenticated, of the returns that the man who thinks as well as works, gets from his land. Experimental farms have been established all through the country, and are distributing their knowledge widely. The "summer fallow," originated by Angus McKay at the experimental farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and universally adopted by the thinking farmers, is saving the wheat lands of Western Canada from the fate of the wheat lands of Illinois, Wisconsin and other western states—exhaustion.

The Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, are expending much money on educating the farmers, and the soil will reap the benefit for all time. *Intelligence pays.* From the homesteader, who came with barely enough to scrimp along through the first year,

A FARMER'S HOME IN WESTERN CANADA

to the man of money who was willing to trust his capital to the great rich earth, the man understanding modern methods points enthusiastically to his harvests. And not alone to the harvests of golden grain, surpassing anything to be seen elsewhere, but also to the harvests of health that come from the pure bracing air and outdoor life, and of contentment that springs from the broader view which is the gift bestowed by nature on those who dwell with her. There is a great appeal in those wide free prairies of Western Canada. The mind of the landlover, even though his lines be cast in other places, harks back to them with pleasure.

There was a day when the farmer who thought a little ahead of his neighbors was immediately branded in his community as a theorist. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that not so very long ago the farmer who really attempted to depart from traditional rule-of-thumb methods and do a little thinking on his own hook was commonly despised as impractical. This is one reason why the young man who is fairly well educated, up-to-date, and full of ambition, is inclined to look upon farming as a narrow, limited and sordid calling in which the ability to do the hardest physical labor from sunrise 'til after dark, and to scrimp and squeeze, are the main elements

This is very much the way it used to be, but things have changed marvellously in the farming world in the last few years; agricultural science has done things which have compelled the rule-of-thumb farmers to open their eyes and recognize that knowledge of natural principles, of the *why* and *how* of things, brings substantial results; that it gives mastery over conditions instead of merely playing hide-and-seek with them

If the young man is looking for a field in which he can make himself "*fel!*," in which there is wide play for

A HOME IN THE "WARD," TORONTO

all the sound capacities in him, he will look long for an opening which will yield quicker and surer response to all the faculties, than modern farming.

Let me cite a case directly in point. Early in life the only son of a Chicago millionaire showed a decided talent for painting. He studied in the European art centres and had the satisfaction of seeing his paintings given places of honor in the great salons of the continent. At length, however, he returned home and married. His father was the owner of thousands of acres of choicest farm lands in the middle West. The young man visited these farms and became interested in them. He had imagination enough to see the possibilities of farming conducted to the highest state of practical and profitable development. "Art is all right," he said, "but dealing with the forces of nature and making them produce for the good of mankind looks attractive to me."

That young man, the son of Samuel W. Allerton, is now one of the biggest farmers in the State of Illinois; his farm is about 9,000 acres in extent and is one of the famous places of the state. He has built a beautiful farm house which has all the luxuries of the city, with a thousand delights with which he could not be surrounded in a city. *He is proof against any temptation to return to the city.*

Progressive farmers from remote parts of his state, as well as from other states, visit the great farm to study his methods. His work is making all who come in contact with it realize that there is such a thing as big farming; *that here is a career giving full scope to the ablest energies of the ablest men*; that to be this kind of a farmer is to play a thinking part

Samuel W. Allerton himself—the father of the young man mentioned above—has written a little book called "Practical Farming," in which he makes the statement that "*the farmer is king*"

Here is what he says: "People generally think that farming is a laborious occupation, but by the ingenuity of our machinery manufacturers, the burden of farming has been reduced so that very little laborious work is done on a farm. In fact, it is the most independent life a man can lead; and, with rural free delivery, and by taking a good newspaper, the farmer can know what is going on in the world. Life on a farm gives children a good constitution and, with our free schools, their opportunities are better than those of the boy raised in the city.

"So far as living is concerned, the farmer is one hundred per cent. better off than the people living in cities. I took a friend of mine down on a farm once, and he remarked that he supposed he would not get much to eat. I said that, as he was raised in Vermont, he would probably get along with a rind of pork and bread and milk. He replied that he could get along if he got plenty of good bread and milk. We drove up to a farm house, and I told the lady we would like some dinner. She said it would be ready in two hours. After my friend ate his dinner he commenced writing, and I asked him what it was about. He said he was making note of the fact that although he had eaten at Delmonico's and Kinsley's and a good many other places, this was the finest dinner he had ever eaten. There were thirty-seven different dishes on the table, and all raised on the farm, excepting the coffee, sugar, salt and spices."

There is a sermon here. Think it over, boys!

The modern farmer *lives*. So do city-folk, but eating and sleeping are not all of life; and yet the farmer gets the best of these. The real gain is inward, morally and mentally—though the outer and mere physical gain is not to be despised. The *true* place for all is in the open. Free air over a free soil, for free men. All there is in the world came out of the ground—is coming out of it. The young men who turn to the primal pursuit of the race are doing the best work of the race. They *produce*, that all may live. But in doing this, they also give themselves the scope and power to see widely, to develop along the best lines of their own natures. The country truly "*loves new types.*" It creates them, giving room for *individual* growth, which the city would stifle.

LEFT IN CHARGE

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S OFFICER IN THE EARLY DAYS

BY W. E. TRAILL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are, I fancy, but few white men now living who were resident in the Saskatchewan at the time of the first, or what is now generally known as the Riel rebellion. Therefore I think that the following experience of an old timer may not be without interest to the Canadian public.

The winter of 1869 and '70 found me stationed at Fort Pitt as clerk, under Mr. W. A. Watt. We were, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: W. A. Watt, chief trader, gentleman in charge; W. E. Traill, clerk, married; John Rowland, interpreter, Orkney half-caste, married; William Rowland, laborer, Orkneyman, married; James Rowland, laborer, Orkney half-caste, married; Fred Rowland, laborer, Orkney half-caste; Joseph and Alex. Morin, hunters, French half breeds; Louis Lourgeon, French Canadian, married; Joseph Pacquette, French half-breed, married; Morin, French half breed, cattle keeper; Charl Bourgard, laborer, French half breed, married; Alexan Bourgard, laborer, married, French half breed; Charlebois, horse guard, French half breed, married; Muskego, Swampy Cree, French half-breed, married; George Donald, blacksmith, Sioux half-caste; William Reid, fisherman, Orkney, married; also belonging to the establishment, but stationed for the winter at an outpost called Saddle Lake, John Sinclair, married; Johnston, laborer, Orkney; Louis Assiniboine, French half-breed.

W. E. TRAILL

The fort, at that time, was one of the most important establishments in the Saskatchewan, and was both a fur and provision post. The finer furs were collected from the Wood Crees, who hunted in the woods to the north, and provisions and coarse furs, such as buffalo robes and wolf skins, from the Plain Crees, who roamed the plains and subsisted entirely on the buffalo

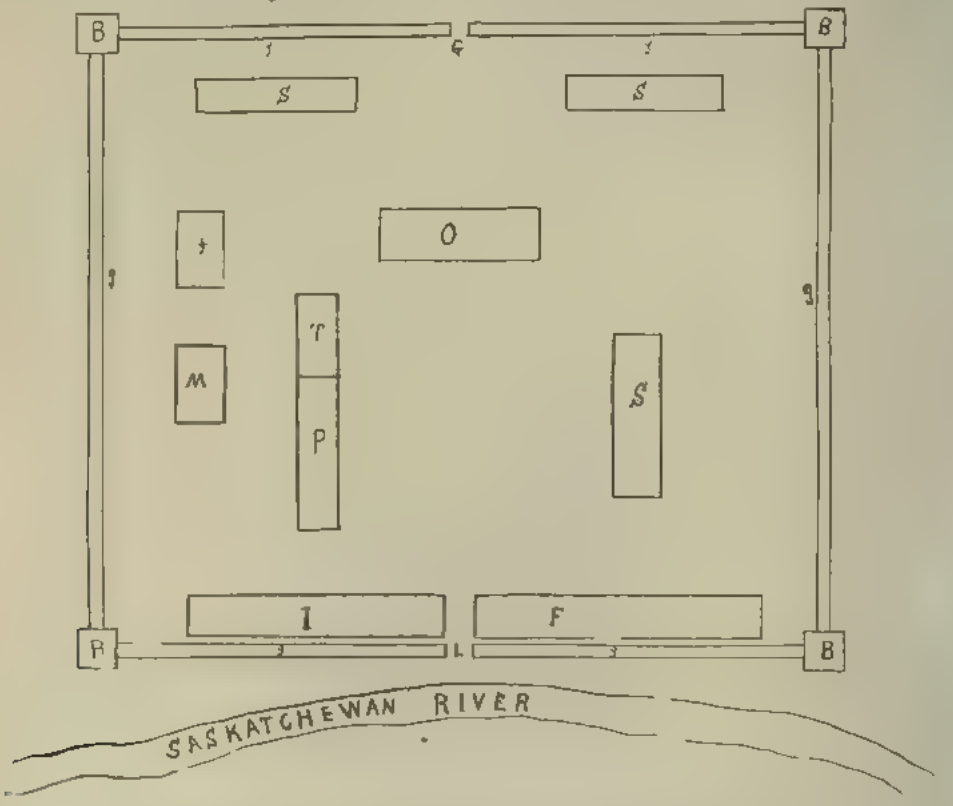
The Plain Crees were at that time very numerous, though the small-pox epidemic of the following summer made fearful ravages among them. I am fully convinced that the mortality was much greater than was generally supposed. I left Fort Pitt the following spring, prior to the outbreak. Four years later I returned and for several years paid more or less extended visits, but met with only one-fourth of the Indians who used to trade there.

That winter, the usual January packet or express did not arrive. It was due at Carlton about the first of January, from the East, and at Fort Pitt a few days later. It was rarely

known to be more than a few hours late, and never over two or three days.

The non-arrival of the express caused us great uneasiness, as we had been there for three months without news from the east. Toward the end of March, C. F. Lawrence Clarke arrived from his post, Carlton House. He brought us the startling news of the uprising of the French and the occupation of Fort Garry by Louis Riel: of the murder of Scott and of the stirring events of that eventful year.

company's staff was composed chiefly of French half-breeds with a few Orkney men. These men, although good servants, could not be relied upon when it came to a trial of strength between the loyal whites and the French. Our principal establishments on the Saskatchewan, of which there were four, were strongly stockaded. We had a good supply of Enfield rifles, with ammunition, a small brass cannon at each of the forts, Carlton, Pitt and the Mountain House, and two or more



SKETCH OF THE PLAN OF OLD FORT PITT, DRAWN FROM MEMORY BY W. E. TRAILL

O Officers' House S Servants' Houses F Fur Store I Indian House T Trading Shop P Provision House
G Gate g Galleries B Bastions f Forge M Magazine L Lookout Gate

To make matters worse for us in the Saskatchewan, he also brought news of an intercepted letter written by a prominent resident of Qu'Appelle and addressed to Riel. The writer stated that he had at his command five hundred mounted men, ready at a word from Riel to start for the Saskatchewan, to raid and take possession of all the company's posts.

Now it must be remembered that the at Edmonton. Of what avail were these, however, against an invading force, when we had only a few European servants upon whom we could rely? To arm our servants of French extraction would have been exceedingly risky—to turn them out would have been to make them open enemies.

After a lengthy council of war, it was decided that Messrs. Clarke and Watt should proceed to Edmonton to carry

BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT

the news to Mr. Christie, the chief factor in charge of the district, and there to decide upon some definite course of action. The following morning this plan was carried out and I was left in charge of the fort, where, incidentally, we had had an incipient rebellion of our own for some weeks.

Although we had had no definite news from the East, the Indians and half-breeds had been better informed. We had heard rumors of trouble and bloodshed at Fort Garry, and the Indian runners had brought news of a great battle that had taken place at Lower Fort Garry. They said that blood was knee deep in the fort after the battle and that the French were masters of the country and intended to kill all the English. As we all know, there was very little ground for such tales, but the natives believed them implicitly, and consequently our French Canadian and French half-breed servants were not disposed to be very obedient.

The women had certain duties to perform, such as clearing out all the snow after a storm, keeping their individual door yards swept clean (a sanitary precaution which the H. B. C. particularly insisted upon), and taking up the potato crop. These duties they flatly refused to perform and Mr. Watt had, as flatly, refused to give the women and children rations. Upon leaving, Mr. Watt had charged me to give no rations to the families unless they complied with the rules. This was, no doubt, good discipline, but under the circumstances, very doubtful diplomacy.

W. A. WATT

I would here remark that the men were very much afraid of Mr. Watt, who, although he had only one arm, had the heart of a lion, to say nothing of a bit of temper. On the other hand, they did not stand the least in awe of me.

The amount of provisions consumed daily was considerable. The ration of fresh buffalo meat was eight pounds per diem for a man, four pounds for a woman, and two pounds for each child,

W. J. CHRISTIE

independent of age or sex. Even that liberal allowance was thought insufficient by the natives. Most of the men owned horses of their own and when a party was sent to the plains, either to hunt or to trade provisions, they took carts with them and returned with a large private supply of meat. This custom was very irregular and Mr. Watt had orders to bring about a reform, but he did not receive the support he should have had from headquarters. In consequence of his endeavors to carry out his instructions, he was both feared and disliked by his men, and as I tried to carry out his wishes in all things, I came in for a large share of ill feeling.

On the departure of Mr. Watt, the men took the earliest opportunity to test their strength. Saturday was ration day and the postmaster, Logan, weighed out each man's rations and gave the regular call. Instead of the women coming for the rations, as usual, eleven men filed into the provision store, the rest being outside the fort on various duties.

The first to come forward was Charl Bourgard. When Logan offered him his ration, he said, "That is my ration. I want my family's ration, too."

I, mildly but firmly, reminded him of his orders and asked him if he were willing that his wife should do her accustomed work.

He answered, "No, my wife is not engaged by the company, and she is not going to work for them."

"The Company," said I, "is under no contract to feed your wife and family, and until she does her work, I cannot give her rations."

He then said, "I'll kill one of the company's cattle. Beef is better than buffalo meat." I was unaccustomed to such insolence and ordered him out of the building. As he merely laughed at me, I caught hold of him and had no difficulty in throwing him out of the door, but in so doing, I lost my footing and fell. Before I could regain my feet, he wheeled, rushed in through the door, passed me and made for the axe which we used for cutting up pemmican

I called out to Logan, "Don't let him have the axe," but he made no attempt to interfere. I followed Bourgard and closed with him, receiving a blow from the axe on the back of my head. We were so close together that the blow lost much of its force, though it still had sufficient to stun me. I threw him, but fell senseless on top of his body. When I recovered consciousness, he was dragging me about the floor by the hair. At that moment my wife and the fisherman's wife rushed in and succeeded in rescuing me. It appears that when we fell, he struggled from under me and again seizing the axe, drew it full swing to give me the "coup de grace." As he raised the weapon over his head, old William Rowland wrenched it from his hand. It was then that he seized me by my hair.

Although half dazed and bleeding, I wanted to renew hostilities, but had sense enough to listen to the entreaties of my wife, who, being alone, was naturally frightened. Therefore I had to content myself with calling the whole lot of them a pack of cowards. The next day was Sunday and no work

was done. On Monday, I ordered the men to their various tasks, as usual, giving Bourgard some work by himself, as I did not wish him to be with the others more than was necessary.

The day following proved cold and rainy and I did not send the men to work outside. It was the duty of Alexan Bourgard, a half-witted paralytic, to supply the officer's house with wood. He had to haul it from the woods, cut it into fire billets and fill up the several wood boxes. During the course of the morning, my wife came to me and complained that the fires were low and that there was no wood, so I ordered Logan to send Alexan for it. After some time had passed and the house was getting very cold, I went to Logan again and demanded to know why the wood was not forthcoming. He explained that he had given the order but that Charl Bourgard had said his brother should not go. I told him to repeat the order, but he said, "Mr. Traill, if you must have wood, I will take an ox and get a load, but there is no use my ordering the men. They won't budge."

I told Logan to go back to his quarters and, saying nothing to my wife, went to my room, took a revolver, loaded it and put it in my coat pocket. I plainly saw that the men thought I was afraid of them and that they could defy me and I determined at any cost, to have the mastery. I then walked over to the servant's house where Logan had told me the Bourgards could be found. I stepped up to Charl and ordered him to take an ox and cart and go for some wood at once. I presume that he saw blood in my eye, for he dropped his cards and started for the stable without a word.

From that hour, I had no further trouble with any one of them. Mr. Clarke returned from Edmonton a few days after these events and when I told him about the trouble I had had, he advised me to give over the charge to Logan and come down to Carlton, as he considered my life in great danger. This I refused to do. He then, as my superior officer, wrote out a written order to that effect. As soon as his back was turned, however, I threw the order in the fire. It has always been a satisfaction to me to know that I did not show the white feather and desert my charge.

Mr. Christie, on some pretext, kept Mr. Watt at Edmonton until they all came down the river on the first of June with the Boat Brigade, en route for Norway House and York Factory. I accompanied them to Carlton, where I remained during that eventful summer, with orders to make myself generally useful and to await the decision of Council as to my future appointment.

A SYMPHONY

BY E. LAURENCE LEE

I'VE heer'n folks say "this ol' world's roun'"
An' others that "it's flat."
Some sez "the durned thing's upside down
An' out o' plumb at that."

But let 'er shape be what it may,
Jist do yer little share,
Of right an' jestus every day,
An' you'll find th' ol' world's square.

PORRIDGE

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "The Loggers," "A Nurse from Teulon," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED. LATHROP ARNOLD (SEE FRONTISPIECE).

IT WAS a beautiful evening in August. The yellowing wheat fields stretched in great smooth billows to the horizon, broken only by a straggling line of poplars along the coulee. Over all, the glow of the sunset, lingering in the clear prairie air, cast its enchantment, turning the world into fairyland and even glorifying the rough shack and log barns that stood in the shelter of the trees. But the man riding slowly up to the shack seemed oblivious to the charm of the night and rode with both hands on the high pommel of the saddle, his broad shoulders drooping and head bent in dejection. At the door he threw himself off, hitched the little horse, and walked in without knocking. A medium-sized, wiry, alert-looking young fellow writing at the table by the window, looked up as he entered.

"Hello, Bertie. What's up? You look glum; too much Aunt Emma?"

The accent was decidedly American and the dark eyes gleamed with kindly mischief as they rested on the disconsolate young giant who flung his soft hat into the corner with a muttered exclamation at the other's words, and then threw himself into a chair, stretched out his long legs, and folding his hands behind his curly yellow hair pressed his head down into his chest.

"There, there, don't swear at the poor old lady. What's she been up to now?"

"She's not so old," pettishly, "but what the dickens I am going to do with her, I don't know. Isn't it a bally shame, after I've lived down the curse of being an English remittance man to have this—this incubus hoisted on to my shoulders?"

"Why I thought Aunt Emma was sent over by your loving relatives to cheer you up and make a home for you, poor bachelor. Does she make you change your boots when your feet are wet?"

"Ah, come now, stop your chaffing, Jack, or I'll go back to my happy home—and Aunt Emma." With a low chuckle; "She told me yesterday that my wild life on the frontier had made me lose all sense of proportion; no one at home would have the bad taste to live in such a little house and have such big barns. I knew that there was no use in explaining to her that that is the very reason that I am not receiving an allowance from home any more. But what's the use of having made good? It's all spoiled now."

The dejected head sank lower and the long legs stretched still farther across the floor.

"You seemed chipper enough when you started for town this morning, and you haven't seen Aunt Emma since. What *has* happened? Spit it out."

Bertie slowly raised his head and looked rather sheepish as the color deepened in his sunburned blonde skin.

"*You* would swear if you were in my boots. I was in McFarland's waiting for a clerk when two girls came in. They were both good to look at, but one of them was a ripping sort. Such a color and soft brown hair and glorious eyes, the kind that bowl a man over. When she spoke, with her low English voice I knew at once that she was from home. Just then Mrs. McFarland's canary began to sing, and she began to laugh softly. 'That bird,' she said, 'reminds me of the funny little lady who was on the train with us coming out; did I ever tell you about her, Milly?'

"Well, Milly hadn't heard and the pretty girl proceeded to tell her all about the queer old thing. They talked softly but clearly, and I could not help hearing, especially when they laughed. Had a hard time keeping my own face straight until — Well, it seems that this old woman, who was on the train when my beauty came out, had a canary in a cage hung by the window. At one time the only empty seat in the car was the other half of the old lady's and she sat on the aisle side. A man got on, and bowing politely as he stepped before her, bumped his head on the cage and got all the water from Dickie's bath down the back of his neck. The old lady was all sympathy, oh not for the man, but for the bird 'cause um did get such a shaking'. That sounded uncomfortably like some of the speeches I hear at home these days. But the girl went on telling how a little while later the old lady heard the person ahead of her say that there was a mosquito on the window and she leaned over the seat eagerly, saying, 'Oh, a mos-kee-tow, I never saw a mos-kee-tow; could I put a pin through it and stick it on a card to send home?' How those girls did laugh! But that wasn't all of the old lady's performances. My pretty girl was sitting in front of her one stifling hot afternoon when she heard an exclamation of horror, and turning around found the old creature, the picture of modest confusion, murmuring behind the hands that hid her blushing face: 'It is positively indecent, positively indecent! Such things would never be tolerated at home. Why, that man is actually taking off his collar!' I was trying to hide my own laugh when I heard her say something about Miss Courtleigh. Then I knew that the funny lady was Aunt Emma. . . . . And that blessed family of mine sent her over to cheer me up!"

"Hard lines, Bertie, and no mistake." Jack did not quite dare to suggest that the family perhaps wanted to get rid of Aunt Emma. "It certainly is hard on a good-looking chap like you to have a pretty girl make fun of his pet particular aunt. But, cheer up, the pretty girl doesn't know that Miss Courtleigh *is* your aunt, and you can manage to get introduced to her and not let her know the dreadful truth."

"Yes," doubtfully, "I did follow her about and found that she is staying with Mrs. Grant who would introduce me, of course. I started for the house once but remembered the mos-kee-tow and turned and rode out of town as fast as I could go. Everybody knows about Aunt Emma, and she will be sure to find out."

Jack shot a keen look at the almost recumbent young Englishman. "I do believe that you are really hit at last, you hard-hearted Britisher. My advice to you is to go in next Sunday to call on Mrs. Grant and meet the fair one. By the way, you haven't told me her name yet. You will have one evening to yourself before she learns about the aunt—and you know you *are* rather stunning in your glad rags."

Bertie Hardcastle rose to go with a thoughtful air. As he went out of the door, he said:

"Her name is Frances Farnham. Perhaps—yes, I believe I'll try it. But it's rather awful to be laughed at."

"Keep up your nerve. Now cut along, or you will have Aunt Emma coming down the road to find out whether one of those wicked men has been shooting you."

With the last word, Jack hastily ducked behind the door to dodge a hurtling stick of fire wood.

Sunday night, Jack was again sitting at the table drawing plans for the house that was to replace his shack, when there was a clatter of hoofs, the door burst open, and Bertie threw himself into his favorite chair.

"Jack, she's great!"

He stopped and gazed dreamily up at the ceiling, his head resting in the hands clasped behind it. "Just the sweetest, prettiest, finest little girl," he murmured to the rafters. Then, sitting up with energy, "If only—if only I could—why, Jack, I would like to draw some plans for a house myself. But what would I do with Aunt Emma?"

The long legs shot out and his head sank on to his chest as his hands sought

their favorite resting place among his curls.

"It's no use. I could never ask a girl to marry me with Aunt Emma in the house, and she has only just got here after that tremendous journey. I can't ship her right off now, even if she would consent to be shipped, which I doubt. The worst part of it is that it's pure kindness on her part. She thinks it's an awful country and that I'm a noble exile whom it is her duty to comfort. I have tried to make her understand that wild horses couldn't drag me back to England but she is convinced that it is only a part of my 'noble self sacrifice,' and is bound to make things pleasant for me. Oh, Aunt Emma isn't half bad, if she weren't so bally queer."

Bertie relapsed into a depressed silence, his usually dancing blue eyes hidden under a frown. Jack regarded him with amusement and some concern; for the big Englishman had been very indifferent to girls so far, and naturally would take this case particularly hard.

"Cheer up," he said at last, "go in and win Miss Frances, and by hook or by crook we will find some way to get rid of Aunt Emma."

Bertie had brightened visibly at the name of Frances, but shook his head at the mention of Aunt Emma."

"I am afraid it can't be done," he said, slowly. "I am sure that *I* could never do it." Then, hopefully: "But you ought to be able to concoct some scheme. You're a Yankee."

Jack pulled thoughtfully at his pipe. Finally, "How old is Miss Courtleigh, anyway?" he asked.

"Not so awfully old. She dresses as though she were sixty, but really she is only about forty."

Again there was a long interval of smoke-filled silence while Bertie Hardcastle dreamed of Frances, and Jack Graham racked his brains.

At last the American slapped his knee and exclaimed: "I've got it!" The two edged their chairs close together and talked in low tones like a pair of conspirators, as indeed they were. At the end of an hour, Bertie shook hands for a long time with his friend.

"You're a wonder! If I don't make that go, just——"

"Sure you have the whole plan straight? Let me know how it goes and don't forget that McDougall loves porridge."

Bertie was humming softly as he rode over the prairie through the soft starlit night.

Sunday afternoon again, and Jack was smoking in the shade of the shack, when a curly yellow pate and a pair of dancing eyes peeked around the corner.

"Guess it must have worked," said Jack.

"Worked!" Bertie threw himself at full length on the ground as he spoke. "Work, well I should say it did. It all went off so well that I feel like saying 'king's ax' whenever I think of those two bamboozled creatures. I am almost afraid of you, myself, the way you can strike the weak points in a person's armour."

"Stop grinning and tell me how you managed it."

"Exactly as you told me to. Monday morning early I mislaid my wrench and rode over to McDougall's to borrow his. He is really an awfully decent sort of chap and I felt like a sneak when I asked for the wrench. Of course he asked me in and the shack was filled with an infernally smelling smoke. The old boy explained that he had just burned his oatmeal porridge. I told him some of my trials with the cooking, and then added that they were all over now, as an aunt of mine had come from England to keep house for me. 'By the way,' I added, as carelessly as I could, 'why don't you drop in to supper some evening?' He seemed so pleased that it did not take me long to set the time for that very night. You know how it is when you have made an awful mess of a meal, everything burned or raw, it seems pretty good to get a chance to eat something cooked by a woman.

"But, Jack, I did feel like a base deceiver as I rode back to tell Aunt Emma about the expected guest. She learned to cook before she came out, and having an idea that we only had a few of the plainest things in this outlandish part of the world, she made a

specialty of oatmeal and such things. She was tickled at the idea of company, and began right away planning a regular feast. But she never mentioned porridge and I tell you I was hard put to it before I could work her around to the idea. I drew a touching picture of the poor old Scotchman, with his favorite porridge all burned up At last she yielded to my barbarous idea, but it was decidedly under protest. She cooked all afternoon, and by the time McDougall came she was quite flushed up and, honestly, she looked almost pretty. She never does look as old maidish in the house as she does in that awful thing-um-a-jig she wears on her head.

"McDougall turned up promptly, all togged out in honor of the occasion. You should have seen his plump face scrubbed and shaven within an inch of its life and smiling its courtliest on the lady. How he did eat! Bowl after bowl of porridge disappeared like magic and after each one he turned a heavy compliment to the cook until her cheeks grew pink with pleasure, and she was all in a flutter. When the last bit of pudding had disappeared, I set them down to a game of cribbage and went out into the kitchen and washed the dishes. Thought the old lady deserved something for the way she had fallen in with my plans. They had a fine time fifteen-two, fifteen-four-ing to their heart's content. But I nearly had nervous prostration when that darned bird began to cheep. She usually makes a fool of herself over the little beast, but she only turned a moment and remarked, 'Did um wake up?' and I breathed easy again. Well, the upshot of it all was that McDougall went home looking as pleased as Punch and Aunt Emma favored me with some remarks on the superiority of Scotchmen."

"And here endeth the first lesson," murmured Jack.

"You needn't be sacreligious, but things were in pretty good shape, weren't they? I was dying to push right on to the second the next morning but remembered your sage advice and decided to give him time to reflect on the advantages of having a nice woman for a housekeeper and perhaps—burn some more porridge. So I let the next day go by without making any move, but Wednesday I invited Aunt Emma to drive into town with me. Such beastly luck! Met Miss Farnham and Mrs. Grant, and of course there were introductions, and I knew that Miss Farnham was wondering how much I had heard in McFarland's store last Saturday. Aunt Emma spent most of the drive home telling me how kind Miss F. was on the way out and even helped her to carry her things to the hotel when they arrived in town. Aunt had sixteen bags and bundles and the bird cage, actual count, no joking. I groaned in spirit when I thought of that girl surveying the conglomeration with those laughing eyes of hers and then helping to carry the stuff. I was so disgusted that I almost forgot to go around by McDougall's, but came out of it in time."

"Just as well you did, or you might have been carrying Aunt Emma's bundles yourself for some time to come."

"Queer, wasn't it; as we went up the long rise near McDougall's, those ponies cut up like fury and ran into the fence and smashed the pole?"

"Bertie, you are a shameless young dog, risking your aunt's neck in that reckless fashion."

"Shameless, nothing; who planned this play, anyway? To get on with the story. Just as had been foreseen by Mr. Jack Graham, a gallant Scotchman came to the rescue of the frightened Fair One. Do you know the old girl was game though, never made a sound, just sat still and hung on. When McDougall lifted her down, she was pale, but that was all. Actually I was a bit proud of her. McDougall led her tenderly up the hill while I stayed behind to straighten out the horses. I fussed around as long as I dared, and then went up to the house to find out what was doing. McDougall had her in his big arm chair with a cup of fresh, hot tea, and was hovering over her like a hen with one chicken. The color soon came back to her face under the combined influence of tea and compliments. When she asked about the broken pole

I had to confess that it was all spliced up, and that we could go on as soon as she felt equal to it. But McDougall rose to the occasion like a major, and insisted on our staying to supper. Aunt Emma did a polite amount of hesitating and finally accepted. McDougall retired to the kitchen and I pretended that I had some more work to do on the pole and ducked out for a smoke. About half an hour later I wandered past the kitchen window, and there was Aunt Emma presiding over the stove and McDougall waiting on her. You should have seen him handing her the salt with his best court bow! I decided that I wouldn't be missed if I had another pipe, so I left them in peace for half an hour, but I took pains to interrupt them before they were quite ready for me, just to show them how nice it would be not to be interrupted at all."

"Who's devilish foxy now?" interposed Jack.

"Proud of your pupil; aren't you? There was porridge again for supper, and for the good of the cause I choked down a bowlful. I just hate the stuff, though it is awfully ungrateful of me, I know. McDougall played the host with his best air and even ventured one or two sly jokes of which only Aunt Emma was supposed to see the point.

"Well, I washed the dishes again, while those two paid each other compliments over their game of cribbage, but I didn't mind that, I can tell you. Friday went by without a sign of McDougall, and I could see that Aunt Emma was restless and excited, but her state of mind was nothing to the ferment *I* was in. When all day Saturday passed without his turning up, I was in a blue funk for fear the old boy was shying off. In the evening we were sitting, pretending to read, when that canary began to sing, and Aunt Emma actually scolded the precious pet and quenched him under a cloth. A moment later we heard hoof beats and she flushed up right guiltily, and I opened the door and then ducked without stopping to make any excuse. I went to bed and to sleep before he left, so I don't know how long he stayed, but this morning I hoped that Aunt Emma would have some news for me. But she never said a word about McDougall, just looked a bit thoughtful and important. I was that disappointed! I was afraid that if he took much more time in coming to the point, he would think of the joys of bachelorhood and cool off. You can lay half a crown I was relieved when he walked in a little before noon. I was just on the point of excusing myself as usual, when I discovered that Aunt Emma had left us, and that the old boy was hemming and hawing and blushing like a girl. He made a long, elaborate speech and finally it dawned on me that he was making me a formal proposal for Aunt Emma's hand! I wanted to shout, but controlled myself, and played the part of the nearest male relative of the bride-to-be. I made the proper speeches, brought Aunt Emma in, kissed her, congratulated McDougall and then ducked over the hill to give those calves an exhibition of dancing. Then I lay down on the grass and roared at the thought of myself as guardian of a sweet young thing like McDougall's bride."

"Congratulate you, Bertie. You've done a good job, really a very decent one, for an Englishman. When is the happy day to be?"

"Two weeks from next Wednesday. McDougall is in a devil of a hurry to get the maker of porridge under his own roof and Aunt Emma has all her outfit that she brought from England, so there is nothing to delay them. She did protest at first at deserting me, and I had a hard time not to seem too ready to get rid of her. That's the whole story. Now, I'm off."

"Off! So soon? I might have known that those London made riding togs were not for my benefit. May I be permitted to inquire whom you are going to see?"

By this time Bertie had reached the corner of the shack; his tall, well-set-up figure showing to particular advantage in the perfectly cut coat, breeches and puttees. As he disappeared around the corner, he turned his head and his face wore a broad grin as he flung back: "To Miss Farnham to announce Aunt Emma's engagement."

WHAT WILL A WILD THING DO?

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Weiga of Temagami", etc.

THE moose comes down in season, the ice goes out when the sun comes north, the salmon run and the flowers bloom; all things happen in their appointed time—but the white man does never the same thing twice alike. That, in substance, is what one of Jack London's Indian heroes says of the white man.

But it is also a fact that other animals are equally erratic. To say a moose, a bear, a beaver, a lynx, or any other animal, will do this or that under certain given circumstances is to find more exceptions than are necessary to prove a rule.

Different men have different notions about what to do in the wilderness. Most men keep perfectly quiet when fishing. The Indian guide holds his light craft over a clear pool, slaps the water at the edge up against the side of the canoe, and the soft noise which he makes calls the black bass from the deep water of Temagami. But the fish has more sense than he gets credit for, and the wild duck is as easily fooled as other fowls. The Canada lynx has worked out a scheme for luring the duck to destruction. He works on the duck's curiosity, just as the Indians did with the buffalo in the good old days before they knew the danger of fire-arms or the taste of fire-water.

One Indian would approach a band of buffalo until one of the animals observed him. He would then crouch and wave his blanket quietly until the curious one began to approach. Still waving his blanket slowly, he would retreat until other members of the band would begin to follow the curious one. Now the Indian would increase his speed until the whole band of buffalo were on the run. At a convenient place the Indian would dodge behind a rock or tree while the herd rushed madly on to destruction, dropping into the pit that had been prepared for them.

The lynx, coming to a lake in the long Northern twilight, approaches quietly where the wild ducks feed. He hears them, but he is careful that they do not hear him. Indians and other nature students have watched. When the ducks put down their heads, the lynx puts forth a padded paw and pats the water gently. When the ducks lift their heads to harken, the lynx stops. By and by, the duck, whose curiosity has overcome her, swims cautiously to the point where the ripples run. The lynx remains motionless until the duck stops to feed, when he pats the water again. Now the duck shakes the water from her wet head and watches the little wimples in the weeds. Each time she comes nearer and nearer to whatever has disturbed the quiet of the lake. In time she comes so near that the lynx, with a lightning-like movement, reaches out, strikes her head and bears her away, often without even disturbing or attracting the attention of the rest of the flock. More often than otherwise, the duck that dies is the only one of the family which has an opportunity to learn the cause of the ripples which attracted her and lured her to death, and, of course, she can't tell the secret of the lynx and his modus operandi.

* * * *

Mr. Hugh Lumsden, chief engineer of Canada's new Transcontinental Railway, was deer shooting in Ontario when his dog drove a red deer into a lake. Two men, who were not experts with a rifle, followed the deer in a canoe. They fired all their cartridges

at the deer's head and then, rowing up alongside, they attempted to kill or capture the deer. The red deer lay over, flapped one hind foot out of the water and drove it through the canoe. The boat was upset, the occupants barely escaping with their lives, leaving all their ammunition, as well as their rifles, at the bottom of the lake.

* * * *

Jim Friday, the famous half-breed guide of the Temagami district, drove a moose into a lake—Indians in want may kill a cow moose but a white man may not, even in self-defence—followed her and drowned her in thirty minutes. Friday is wise in the ways of the wood folk, and he believes that a moose, unmolested, might swim for half a day, but if hard pressed by a canoe, it is soon overcome by the excitement of extra exertion and the rapid beating of its wild heart. Upon another occasion, one of the Friday family killed a moose with an axe, after overtaking it in a canoe.

A younger brother of the guide, Willie Friday by name, went out in winter with only two cartridges and tried to kill a moose for the Friday family. He stationed himself on a runway, and in a little while another brother and a dog chased the moose by. Willie put the two cartridges into the great animal, but failed to stop him. He followed and found the wounded moose standing perfectly still under a big cedar. The boy secured a long pole, to the tip of which he lashed his hunting knife, and then stealing cautiously from tree to rock, from rock to tree, keeping always out of sight, he rested the long shaft on a dead limb and was just about ready to drive it to the moose's heart, when the twig snapped off, attracting the attention of the wounded animal. Instantly the moose turned upon the boy, who stumbled and fell. The moose, mortally hurt, plunged blindly with his great feet, stripping the clothes off either side of the boy's body, but wounding him only slightly. The boy rolled under a fallen tree trunk and escaped.

As the bull moose turned, the dog, coming to the rescue, seized the brute by the nose and hung there. The boy Friday rolled out from under the log and escaped for reinforcements. Returning, the brothers found a red spot on the snow, and that was about all that was left of the dog. The moose still kept his feet, and now the Indians exhausted their ingenuity in trying to finish the animal, for they were sore in need of food. Finally, they hit upon the novel idea of felling trees upon him, which they did, with the result that the monarch of the forest was finally despatched.

* * * *

A story writer, who thought he knew, but did not know, a great deal about wild animals, was fishing in Lake Temagami with two friends, Rudolph Kauffmann, part owner of the *Washington Star*, and Dr. John E. Jones, U. S. Consul General at Winnipeg. One afternoon, with his Indian guide, the story writer came upon a big bull moose bathing in Lake Wasacsamagami—The Lake of the Shining Wood. Taking advantage of the animal when his head was low, feeding upon lily pads, they came up within a few hundred yards of the animal, when he turned, gazed at them for a moment, waded ashore, and trotted off through the dense undergrowth, crashing tree limbs with his great horns and the windfall with his feet. The Indian shot his canoe around the point of the island upon which the moose had disappeared, grunting "he come in again." While the white man was wondering how the Indian knew, they rounded the point just in time to see the moose putting to sea. He was headed for the mainland, but by hard paddling the Indian cut him off, and drove him back toward the island from which he had come

At this juncture, Dr. Jones and his Indian hove in sight, and now the two canoes convoyed the moose to shore. The story teller urged his Indian to go faster without any definite notion of what he would do with the moose in case he captured him. It was an immense beast, as tall as the average pacer at a country fair, but much stronger. The Indian hung back and the author urged him, tapping the moose gently with a ten-foot bait rod.

Seeing the Indian was afraid, the white man said, "Will he turn some times?" And the Indian answered, "Yes."

"Would he crush our canoe if he struck it?"

"Yes."

"If he came at us could we escape, or would he surely overtake us, overturn us, crush us, and kill us?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the white man, "I do not want to die."

"Yes," said the Indian "Me, I don't want die, too."

By this time the moose found bottom on the rocky shore, scrambled up the stony bank and trotted away through the dense forest, while the white man and the red man sat rocking in their canoe, and listening to the crash of things as the big moose moved on deeper and deeper into the fastness.

In camp that night, the story teller told this tale, not as fiction but as a simple fact—for it seemed simple to him. Kauffman laughed at him. Then the adventurer called the doctor to support him, which he did valiantly. Yet the editor would not believe Thereupon he called the Indian, who nodded and grunted as testimony to the accuracy of the story. It is hard for a fiction writer to be accused of exaggerating when circumstances compel him to tell the truth, but there was no convincing Mr. Kauffmann.

Two days later, the other canoes returning to camp came upon a cow moose feeding on the shore of a shoal lake. It is interesting and fascinating to watch a wild moose, frolicking and feeding in the lilies of the lake. At first you would say she was only frolicking, as she turns to the right and to the left, grabbing the lily pads in her haste to finish her supper and return to the shelter of the forest. More than anything else, she resembles a waltzing horse at a circus, only she never turns completely around. In her anxiety to finish her meal in the shortest possible space of time, she invites disaster, and makes it impossible for her to keep anything like a sharp lookout, because of her own hurry.

In this instance, the moose feeding down along the shore, drew nearer and nearer all the while; and, as often as the moose busied herself with her supper the light canoe shot forward; when she lifted her huge head to look for an enemy, the Indian in the stern of the boat remained motionless. Almost invariably, when she lifted her head, she looked, not toward the lake, but away to the wilderness where doubtless a baby moose lay sleeping on a bed of moss. When first sighted, she was perhaps half a mile away. When half that distance had been covered, the white man in the bow of the boat almost tried to hold his breath, so eager was he to get up with the moose, and convince his friends, one of whom was the skeptical Kauffmann, that he really and truly could tame a moose. Glancing back he saw the other canoes threading their way through the islands of the larger lake.

Each time the moose busied herself, the forward canoe lessened the distance between it and the animal. Now the occupants of the canoe could see the water dripping from her wet nose, when she lifted her head to look away to the woods. This was the last chance—they knew this, the Indian and the white man. The white man took up his paddle, and when again the brown head came up and the frightened eyes of the mother moose saw the canoe bearing down upon her, she turned and swam ashore with all her might.

Within a minute, or two minutes at the most, the first canoe was between her and the shore. She went about and headed for the island, and a moment later all the canoes were upon her—Dr. Jones on the left flank, the story writer and his Ojibwa on the right, with Kauffmann and his man, Friday, bringing up the rear. There was but one thing for the moose to do, and she did it to the best of her ability, but with two men paddling in each canoe she could not escape.

The story writer, whose true story of the bull moose had been questioned by his guests, bent on outdoing his former exploit, urged his Indian alongside. Dr. Jones, equally anxious to convince Mr. Kauffmann, called to the story writer to "spank her." And he

spanked her. As he did so, every muscle of her body stiffened. Jim Friday, never dreaming that the white man would do so, shouted to him to pull her ear. The white man pulled her ear, while the moose's body lay under the side of the canoe, for the moose swims very low. To the amazement of the Indian and the other white men, the moose did not resent this familiarity, perhaps because she was too much afraid.

Misunderstanding her apparent acquiescence, the white man, wild with enthusiasm, put a hand on the nose of the moose and ducked her. As the moose went down she drifted perhaps three or four feet from the canoe, and when she came up, she put her ears back on her neck, precisely the same as a mule will do when driving at another mule in a barn lot, and drove for the white man. She was a sight, as she advanced with open mouth. Instinctively, the white man kneeling in the boat crouched backward, lurching to the right and nearly overturning the canoe. The knees of the moose broke the surface of the water in her wild effort to trample the canoe under her, and in a moment, her huge head shot over the canoe just in front of the white man. Incidentally, the head of the moose is what kept the boat from turning over.

It all happened in about two seconds, but it added several gray hairs to the story writer's collection, and there was a distinct sigh of relief from the other white men, when with a quick movement he thrust the moose's head from the boat, the Indian backed water, and allowed the frightened and furious animal to escape to the island.

GRIEF

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

THERE is a common form of misery
That tears away all cloaking and disguise,
That thrusts it weakness in its neighbor's eyes,
And says to all men: "Look, and pity me!"
There is a grief whose forceful agony
Will not be hid, though hard the spirit tries
A grief whose wretchedness to heaven cries
In street and market-place, where all may see.

Ah, these are bitter! But we never hear
The hopeless misery that withers some
The inward desolation black and sere,
That longs for rest, where rest may never come!
The blasting woe that cannot force a tear,
The heart that slowly breaks, and yet is dumb.

THE MAN WHO BEAT THE DEVIL

(With acknowledgments to Abbe Caron)

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

THIS is the tale of the man who beat the Devil with the strength that was in his great body: a tale of Edouard Tasse, whose legendary fame is known to all who work in the big woods of Quebec.

I tell it to you as it was told to the shanty men at the camp at La Tuque by Mon Vieux Pierre, dit Le Corbeau. When pipes were lighted around the big fire in the chantier, the talk turned upon the great men of the woods, the bullies of the St. Maurice and of the Ottawa and of Quebec City in the good old days, when the coves beneath the frowning cliffs were crowded with full rigged ships loading timbers from the rafts for all ports of the world. Rafts floated down the St. Lawrence from all its tributaries in this golden age of the lumber men.

"O dat was tam' we're happy, an' man dey're always singin';
For if it's hard work on de raf, w'y der's your monee sure.
And ev'ry summer evenin', Old Bord a Pluffe, she's ringin'
Wit' en roulant ma Boule, an' J'aimerai toujour"

Of this great host of good woodsmen, the names that have been handed down are those of the great fighters, wherein Jean Baptiste shows his affinity to all the races of primitive, vigorous men since the world began. These men of brawn, rejoicing in their strength, joyous in battle, or in the hours of danger on the drive, as ready to risk their lives to save others as to seek out and smite a foe; insouciant, recklessly daring, melodramatic, modest; with hearts of children and muscles of iron: these are the heroes of the woodsmen and the rivermen. They gave themselves with abandon to the task at hand, whether to their work in the forest or to carousing when the drive was over, or whether to fighting like jousters of old for the pure excitement of the battle with other woodsmen who placed side by side with them in the bog woods, would be as sworn brothers. There is a strain of the Gascon in the Norman French who make up the crews of the big lumber camp. The glory of being the bully of the camp or the river was their only reward for years of hard fighting. But it was in the blood of these men to conquer other men. For them there were none of the sordid emoluments of the prize ring. They were brutal but not mercenary. They

"O, DAT WAS TAM' WE'RE HAPPY"

were first cousins in another epoch of the Three Musketeers. They responded to the primal impulse in the blood of the primitive man. But the enemy of to-day was the friend of to-morrow. The bully was the kindest of friends, and a tender lover and a grown child with his own children. There is wisdom in the French proverb, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders: "He has the virtues of his faults and the faults of his virtues."

Edouard Tasse, of the parish of the Forges of St. Maurice, is among these heroes, the man to whom attached the greatest and most sinister fame. There are those, not a few, who make the sign of the cross at the mention of his name.

Mon Vieux Pierre had been recounting glorious battles at Quebec between the rivermen and their natural enemies, the 'Longshoremen, referred to as a class, as "Les Ahem: M—— Irlandais." Thus it has come about that if you, being English speaking, anger a French Canadian anywhere in Quebec, he may surprise you by describing you as "a blankety blank Irishman."

Joseph La Ferrier, a true Norman, a tall youth with fair hair and blue eyes, fixed earnestly upon this Pierre, the bard of the bullies, asked,

"Is it possible, perchance, that you ever knew Edouard Tasse?"

Silence fell upon the group as the question came eagerly from his beardless lips, and mon Vieux Pierre puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few minutes

"Mais oui," he replied, gazing abstractedly into the haze of smoke, and speaking very quietly for a time. "Once when I was a small boy I had the good fortune to see him. What a man was that! There are none like now, that's a truth! Him, my father knew familiarly, and they were friends since many years. They worked together and fought together like brothers, in the woods and on the river, there's many a year since. My father gave up the woods for the farm at Berthier, but of all his companions of those other years, he guarded in his heart the most tender souvenirs of Edouard Tasse. He came to see my father once when I was very young, but I remember him well. Mon Dieu, what a grand man! And such droll things he told me about the woods, making me to dance upon his knee. He had a good heart, that great man!

"The things I tell you now, I heard my father tell, there is many a night since, by the fire of a winter evening, when the neighbors assembled in our kitchen. When they spoke of his misdeeds my father would always say 'Malgre tout, this was a rich character.' Always, his heart was tender for the friend of his youth.

" 'I will surprise you, it may be, mes amis, in saying he was a bon garcon, such as one rarely meets, but doubt not my word, for this is the simple truth.' So have I heard my father say again and again. 'And, mon Dieu!' he would say, 'what strength and skill! Such a man when the logs jammed! That man knew not fear! He was a friend of pure gold.' But it may have arrived that my father was blind to his defects. It is possible. All the world, he would say, loved to work under his command. He was the best foreman on the St. Maurice or for the long drive on the river, or to bring his raft safely to Quebec.

" 'Allons, mes enfants,' he would cry to his men, 'put a little heart into it and we will rest ourselves shortly.' And what pleasure to see how things marched then

"When the rest came the men would laugh and bandy jokes with each other, forgetting thus their fatigue, and in an instant would again go gaily to work at his cheery shout, 'Allons mes enfants, un petit coup de couer maintenant.'

"When night came none felt fatigue, and in short, more work was done than under a foreman who always stormed at his men.

"No man so much a fool as to dispute the word of Edouard Tasse. I need not tell you my friends that, always, every year, Edouard Tasse had the best gang in the woods. Bien; and such gay hearts as they were for either work or fighting."

"I have heard my uncle tell," said young Laferrier, speaking with the

reverential tones proper in mentioning a great man, "that Edouard Tasse was the greatest fighter in all the big woods of Quebec."

"I do not go to tell you of his fights," replied Le Corbeau. "That man had more joy to fight than to eat. The desire for battle was plus fort que lui, and it seemed he loved a man who could give him a good battle. Thus it was he was without spite and a good friend. I might tell you of his fight at Quebec, blow upon blow, with Mike Hennesy, the bully of the quays, whom, in fact, he threw into the sea, and since this Mike went to drown, he pulled him out, though the sea was running like the rapids of Shawnigan. What a drollery it was that ever afterwards those two men were friends, almost like brothers. To make a friend of an Irishman of Quebec, a thing remarkable certainly!

BLOW UPON BLOW, WITH MIKE HENNESY

"But I go to tell you of the fight Edouard Tasse had one night with the Devil, himself.

"Mais oui. C'est la pure verite," he said as the men gasped in astonishment. "You know the parish of the Forges of St. Maurice. It is a strange place, shut off from all the world, and with flames bursting from the chimneys of the iron forges night and day. All the world knows that the Devil has been seen in that vicinity by many persons and in many strange forms. They say he has been seen to sit amid the flames in the chimney of the furnace for hours. I speak of what I have been told. Myself, I have not seen them

"Edouard Tasse was of this parish.

He was accused of two great faults, that he blasphemed and that he conversed with the Devil. I have heard our good Cure say that the first fault produced the second. But my father always held strongly that this was a thing most astonishing in a man of his character. He said that people failed to understand this man, that the Devil had followed him everywhere to tempt and conquer him but could not. That is possible. I know it not myself.

"People say that Tasse one day caused himself to be driven from Three Rivers to the Forges by a carter of that city. All went well until they came to a point known as La Pointe au Diable, when the horse stopped short in the road, and nothing could persuade him to march. Edouard Tasse disembarked from the sleigh, and, walking several paces in advance began to talk with some person who was invisible. The driver heard two voices, both different the one from the other, but he could see but one man. Meanwhile the dispute was very lively. He was almost dead with fear, but what could he do? That horse would not budge. After disputing a long time avec on divine qui, Tasse came back to the voiture and said "go on now." In short, the horse started off, and of himself travelled at a good trot to the Forges.

"These things being made known, contributed to make Edouard Tasse an evil renown little to be envied. But all the world talked of his battle, en regle, with the Evil One, and so it is that many will make the sign of the cross on hearing his name.

"On dit, that one night, he forbade any one to leave the house where he lived, and there were those who murmured but none was fool enough to disobey a man such as he.

"Bien. About eight hours, a voice called Tasse, and he went out. At once a fight began that caused all to tremble with fear. Blow upon blow fell, and they heard cries like a cat and groanings, most terrifying. Several times the fighters fell against the house causing it to shake to its base, and the plaster to fall with fracas. The children cried, the women fainted and the men blanched with fear that Tasse would be killed by the Devil.

"Not so. At the end of half an hour, the battle ceased, and Edouard Tasse entered the house. He was covered with sweat and with blood. His shirt was torn to ribbons, and his body cut and bleeding.

"'I knew it well,' he cried, several times, 'that he could not beat me, I had not any fear.'"

The men who had been hanging on his words, stirred uneasily as mon Vieux Pierre ceased to speak, and a sigh of relief was heard. Then after a moment pipes were relighted.

Le Corbeau puffed at his pipe for a time till it was well alight and continued to speak in low, reverent voice amid the silence of the room.

"Edouard Tasse," he said, "has been dead and buried in the Church yard of St. Boniface now since several years. He died in the sentiments of a good Christian, as I have heard, with my own

"I KNEW IT WELL," HE CRIED SEVERAL TIMES, 'THAT HE COULD NOT BEAT ME"

ears, the good priest say. After all this is not a thing astonishing, for as my father so often said 'malgre tout, c'etait un rich caractere.'

"I believe well, me, that with many faults he was un bon garcon, such an one as one rarely meets, and his heart was well placed.

"I am proud that a man of the St. Maurice was able to beat the Devil who followed him so long, being jealous no doubt of his power. It is possible that this is the first time he was beaten by a man. It is a thing most consoling also that as he beat the Devil in life with his own proper hands, that he beat him at the end by means of Our Holy Faith."

The men of the chantier went off quietly to their bunk, and shortly silence reigned in the big cabane in the pine forest at La Tuque.

WA-SA-YAW-PUN

AN INDIAN LEGEND

BY E. J. MITCHELL

UP in new Ontario—the land of promise to many a discouraged soul, the land of sturdy men and brave women, of vast forests and spreading plains, of placid lakes and murmuring rivers—one scene there is that, as one of "the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall," forges the strongest link that binds my affection to that goodly land. Perhaps it is the towering rocks that for ages have held in its narrow course that branch of the Winnipeg River which leaves the Lake of the Woods but a short distance above Ka-ka-be-kitchewan Falls; perhaps it is the beautiful, wood-fringed lagoon where the water-drops, reunited, rest after their precipitous plunge; or perhaps it is the fall itself, with its rushing water, its dashing spray, and its incessant roar that makes the scene in unfading beauty so clear to my memory through the years; but the beautiful Indian legend of the Ka-ka-be-kitchewan Falls adds a romantic interest to this spot which Nature herself made for just such scenes in the drama of life.

Nor is the Lake of the Woods with its thousands of wooded islands rising here and there from its crystal depths, any less attractive or at all lacking in interest.

Long before the white man had entered this sanctum of Nature, two brave tribes of Indians—the Sioux and the Ojibway—struggled in the varying fortunes of war for its possession. At one of the fiercest engagements the victorious Ojibway had captured a number of prisoners upon whom vengeance, so sweet to the heart of the red man, would soon be wreaked with all its torture. Among the captive Sioux braves was the son of a notable Chief. Tall, fearless, and as straight as the arrows in his quiver, he soon became the object of admiration on the part of the Ojibway squaws, and of envy and hatred on the part of the young braves, and ere many suns had risen his scalp would have graced the belt of one of them had he not found especial favor in the eyes of *Wa-sa-yaw-pun the only daughter of the Ojibway chief. Admiration soon ripened into mutual love—the love of the red man that knows no bounds and bids defiance to all obstacles. Realizing the dangers to which her enemy-lover was constantly exposed, she managed to convince her father of the great importance of their capture and persuaded him to spare the life of this important Sioux that they might hold him for a ransom. She, herself, would be the guard and armed with a huge bone knife and a tomahawk, guarded their victim with all the vigilance of the death-watch. Thus the opportunity for escape came, and one black night when Gitchee Manitou, the great spirit, gave vent to his anger with the spoilers of men in

*Wa-sa-yaw-pun, an Indian name, meaning "The coming day-light" or "The first rays of dawn." This beautiful name is a favorite one for the first baby.—THE AUTHOR.

lightning bolts and peals of deepest thunder, guided by the occasional flashes of lightning, the lovers made their escape.

Next morning the Ojibway camp was astir with the rising of the sun, and hundreds of war canoes in the form of a great crescent, had set out to scour the Lake of the Woods in search of the fugitives. There was but one direction the elopers would take—westward, where a few miles down the river they would join the Sioux tribe and be safe. There was but one means by which they might hope to avoid capture, and that was to proceed with all possible haste in canoe by night, and remain in hiding during the day in the shelter of the friendly rocks or woods. Thus hindered, they lost much time, and on the third day, when within about an hour's journey from the falls, as they lay hidden in a rocky cavern, their pursuers passed and bivouacked for the night on the trail around the falls. Then when the thick darkness of night afforded a kind protection, the fugitive brave stole silently along the shore and soon came in sight of the camp fires of those who craved his blood. Back to his waiting bride he turned, with hurried footsteps, breathing an anguished prayer to the Great Spirit to protect them in the perils that awaited them. "They hold the trail," he whispered as he made the canoe ready for departure, "Come."

The pale light of the new moon glitters and dances upon the wavelets, the spell of the night is over all nature. But now the noise of the waterfall, at first soft and tremulous but ever becoming deeper and louder as they near it, is born to them on the night breeze. Swifter flows the river as the canoe dances and darts over the foaming waves. Hark! what sound breaks the silence of the midnight? A weird Indian chant, now low and soft as a lullaby, now high, loud and triumphant until its echoes ring from rock to forest. Instantly the Ojibway camp is astir. Running to and fro they ask one another "What is it; what does it mean?" But an old and scarred warrior—the hero of a hundred battles—says as he strains his ear to catch the sounds, "It is the death song of the Sioux."

Next morning, searchers found the bodies of the lovers claspèd together on the beach of the lagoon below the falls. With a blood-curdling war whoop a young brave sprang forward and was about to scalp his dead victim but the old Ojibway chief as he knelt, grief-stricken, beside the body of his daughter, angrily shoved him away, saying "They were one in life, they shall not be parted, or harmed, in death."

The Eastern sky was aflood with a blaze of glory when another crescent shaped body of Ojibway canoes swept down the river toward the Sioux camp. This time the crescent was reversed, significant of a peaceful mission. In the centre of the crescent, in tow of the chief's bark, was a white canoe containing the bodies of the Sioux brave and his faithful bride, surrounded by tomahawks, bows and arrows, and hunting knives for use in the happy hunting grounds; and in the stern and bow was a blazing torch to light the spirits of the dead on their way. Behind the funeral canoe was another piled high with furs and many peace pipes, and tobacco perfumed with aromatic barks and berries as a peace offering to the Sioux tribe.

Since then, peace has reigned on the Lake of the Woods. Never since has the wild war-whoop echoed among its rocks and trees, and never again shall those sturdy monitors of the past witness such deeds of chivalry and love as have stamped their impress upon the very face of Nature.

* * * *

At dead of night, in the month of cherry blossoms, when the Spirit of Night has drawn the curtain of sleep over woods and lake and river, just as the new moon sinks behind the distant tree-tops, a phantom canoe with two occupants steals silently out from the shadows and noiselessly glides down the swiftly flowing river. Just as it reaches the brink of the cataract a shudder passes over the flowers and trees, and the night wind sobs as it whispers "Wa-sa-yaw-pun, Wa-sa-yaw puu."

OPTIMISM IN WESTERN CANADA

BY EDGAR W. DYNES

WESTERN Canada is a great country. You know it—you have heard about it—you have read about it. When you travel half over it you find that it is greater yet, and when you travel all over it—that is as much as is possible for one individual—you find that it is greater still.

It has millions of acres of occupied wheat lands and millions more awaiting the advent of the industrious settler to make it produce bumper crops of No. 1 hard. Its grazing lands are not excelled on the continent, while its fruit lands are the pride of the Empire. For years British Columbia fruit has been carrying off gold medals in London, and not long since in a western contest it obtained first prize, and for the first time Hood River had to take second place. Its mineral wealth is prodigious, and it boasts the second largest copper smelter in the world. Its timber wealth would seem to be almost limitless, while its fisheries are an asset, the true value of which can hardly be overestimated. Better still, its men and women will assay in quality of mind and heart with any race on the face of the globe. And yet—and yet there is something else.

"What is it?"

"Yes, what is it?"

You notice it the very first person you meet when you get off the train. It sticks out all over a westerner. You meet a Yankee who has just come over from the land of Uncle Sam and it is the same story again. You can see it in the twinkle of his eye. You meet an Englishman who has just settled on his one hundred and sixty, and he has it too.

Talk to a Russian who has just arrived from that land of darkness and oppression, and it doesn't take you long to find out that he has it worse than any of them. But why lengthen the list? All healthy people get it when they come to Western Canada, and most sickly people get healthy with it. So it is all the same anyway, and it is all explained by a little word of eight letters—Optimism.

I attended a revival meeting in a Winnipeg theatre—that is, a business revival meeting; and of course it was there, too. The mercury outside stood at about twenty-five below, but everyone was cheerful and no one seemed to care. Police Magistrate Daly was one of the speakers. He remarked facetiously that an optimistic spirit and a smiling face were so interwoven with the progress and development of Western Canada that in future any one discovered not wearing a pleasant smile would be fined "Twenty Dollars and Costs." From what I saw, no one is very likely to get his wallet fattened by laying informations, even should the informer get half the fine.

Such was the merry spirit that characterized this meeting of hard headed, keen, shrewd and enthusiastic Winnipeg business men. True, a season had just passed that was not any too encouraging, but what of that? It might have been worse, they said, and with their faces to the front they cheerfully looked ahead, and never once behind.

It was a representative gathering. The largest theatre in the city was crowded to the doors. On a huge banner thrown across the stage were the words "Forward Winnipeg." All seemed to catch the enthusiasm of the hour. There were lawyers and doctors, bankers and capitalists, politicians and boosters, professors and preachers, real estate men and merchants, and they all seemed to be affected with the same kind of microbe; and a happy microbe it is—a hopeful, fighting, conquering optimism.

I walked through the city. I saw

its wide, well kept streets. I admired its beautiful homes, while its great wholesale blocks filled me with amazement. I went through a monster retail store that employs two thousand clerks, and I saw the largest individual railway yard in the world with its miles and miles of track.

"What is it," I said to myself, "that has made this city?"

"What has raised her in a little over twenty years from a mere hamlet to a great commercial metropolis?"

And as I paused there seemed to come floating over to my ear in the clear, frosty air, these three words—Faith, Hope, and Optimism.

Yes, I thought—that must be it. In the early eighties the government at Ottawa said that this great country from which Winnipeg now draws its revenues, was fit for the buffalo only. But there were here and there a few who came, who stayed, who stood when others fled, and who have won a home and a land.

But Winnipeg is only one. There are others.

On the north bank of the Saskatchewan is another city of promise. A few heroic pioneers made their home there in the early eighties. They had faith in their choice then, they have had faith all along, and now with the dawning of greatness their optimism of old is strengthened by the success of to-day. For is not Edmonton reckoned as the coming great city between Winnipeg and the coast?

Years back, on the shores of the far Pacific, a band of men were industriously clearing a plot of land. The trees were large and the stumps many while the roots were thick and ran down deep, yet they worked on. Then Vancouver went on the map one morning, stayed on, and has kept on staying on ever since. To-day over seventy thousand proud and happy westerners make their home in the city on English Bay, and they think their city is about the only one there is.

The same story is being repeated at Prince Rupert, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The pioneers are gathered there now and as history repeats itself the growth of Vancouver will be paralleled in the growth of the city farther north.

British Columbia was "a sea of mountains," Edward Blake said twenty-five years ago, but to-day it is the home of more than three hundred thousand optimistic westerners, who would rather live in the shadow of its peaks than anywhere else in the world.

Optimism!

What is it? What creates it?

"I don't understand it. Is it in the western air you people breathe out there?" says my eastern friend.

"No, I think not. I don't know, but I have my own idea. Methinks it comes from the ground."

"From the ground! How? Where?"

Let me explain.

A generation ago a little party of settlers came to the prairie. Frames like Spartans they had, and the hearts of heroes beat in their breasts. They sowed. It grew. That was an encouragement.

Every one had said that it was all alkali, and that nothing would grow. By and by the frost came and their hopes were shattered, but their hearts were still brave. They sowed again, and as the cultivated area increased, the frost disappeared. Then came the grasshopper. He stayed and he ate. They tried again and again, but how often their efforts met with failure! Gideon's three hundred stayed—the remainder left. Then after a half dozen years of struggle their efforts began to be crowned with success. Then they began to figure—well, you can grow wheat successfully in this country, after all. And there are millions of acres of it.

"Say, Bill! You send for John and Mary to come. I'll send for Hannah and Frank." And the Johns and the Marys and the Hannahs and the Franks have been coming ever since

Then the business man came.

Two prospectors are working their way across our western plains. They are footsore and weary, but they press on. Their pack-horses are weary, too, yet they manage to subsist upon that which they pick up at night while their masters are asleep. At length they reach the Rockies. They travel her

and there, over mountain and across ravine. By and by they make a strike. Yes, and better than they had ever expected.

"I guess Edith can have that piano now," said Bill, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Yes, and I can build that home for Kate, now," said Joe. "And this is only the beginning. There is a country of tremendous size and greater mineral possibilities here. Let us tell the boys back home about it." They told the boys. The boys came, and have been coming ever since.

"Why," he said, "there is going to be a great lot of people out here to sell to. I guess I will bring out Rose and the family and some of the fellows down our way that are eking out an existence running corner groceries." And they too have been coming ever since.

Men of all professions have come, have seen, and in turn have taken the same western disease—optimism. They see the same things as the pioneers, witness the same results, note the same progress, and with hardly an exception the marks of the disease are sticking out all over them like so many bright buttons.

The fact of the matter is they be optimists because there is nothing else to be. Western Canada has no place for the knocker or the idler. He should stay at home, and if he ventures west of the great lakes, he generally goes back home. He notes the different atmosphere at first. It doesn't suit his taste, and he seeks a more congenial abiding place.

So only the workers come, the workers succeed, and they take the worker's disease—Optimism. Hope is the forerunner of effort. Followed by faith it brings success, and in the face of constant success and greater future possibilities, what wonder is it that westerners become optimistic?

Taking the total area of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, we find that only one-fifth of this acreage is occupied. Then further we find that only one-fifth of the land occupied has been brought under cultivation.

Going to the farther west, we find that competent mining engineers state that hardly five per cent of Canada's Pacific province has been prospected. With only a small part of the prairie provinces brought under cultivation, not to speak of their other resources, and with the mining industry in British Columbia just beginning to dawn, not to mention its agricultural, lumbering, fruit and fishing interests, it can be easily understood that the people of Western Canada have a foundation like the rock of Gibraltar for the faith that is in them.

And as the years roll into decades and the decades into a century, there will develop here a new nation that shall still be a part of the old; that will compare in wealth and growth, and last but not least, in the character of its people, with any nation on the face of the earth.

THE PATHWAYS

BY S. E. KISER

ACROSS God's wide eternity
The little paths that mark
Where *men have passed* are like the light
That briefly shows the meteor's flight
Down, slanting, through the dark.

A SCRUB OAK IDYL

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. MACLELLAN.

FOR three days after Ben Williams' quarterly trip to Calgary he was a pessimist of the deepest dye. The programme rarely varied. In the glow of a prairie sunrise he rode off blithely, at ease in the saddle, as only a rancher can be; at peace with the world, his heart a trifle lighter, his purse a trifle heavier than usual; a good figure of a man, and well enough looking for a middle-aged bachelor. As he rode he whistled "Green Grow the Rushes, O!" the tune the young folks of the Bowbell section danced their maddest to at social gatherings, or sang "Nellie Grey," the one song known to him. Sometimes he mixed the two, and the coyotes slinking to cover after keeping respectable people from slumber half the night with their yelping, the gophers waking up to life and its cares, the prairie hens, patiently and proudly spreading their plump bodies over the nests of white eggs, the strutting cocks, the wild ducks hiding in the rushes fringing the solitary little lakes, and the few mortals who happened to be abroad, heard the plaintive:

"O, my poor Nellie Grey, they have taken her away,
And I'll never see my darling any more."

quickened, lengthened, shortened, rejuvenated, made over to fit the hilarious tune of "Green Grow the Rushes, O," and sung with heartiness by a tenor angel in soiled buckskin, astride a wicked-looking broncho.

He came back—well, to quote Mrs. Kelly—the least said about his coming back the better. Then began three days of pessimism at Scrub Oak Ranch.

In the very height of an attack came Eileen. Ben had not expected this—nobody had save Mrs. Kelly. Young Davidson had ridden over to Scrub Oak, met Mrs. Kelly outside, told her a secret which she, good soul, had known for weeks and weeks.

Antoine, putting an eave-trough on the "lean-to," had been able to catch scraps of conversation, but not to piece them together in a way to make sense. From the manner in which Davidson jerked out his words, and his general air of shamefacedness, Antoine judged that he had gotten in some scrape, and, naturally, had come to Mrs. Kelly for advice. It was a wise move. Why that, "Now, don't you worry a single bit; everything will go along all right," was enough to cheer up anybody. More muttering on the part of her visitor, then Mrs. Kelly's clear laugh, and "You'll be of another mind before long. Wouldn't change places with the Governor-General, I'll be bound. The first—oh, and last—pshaw! They all say that. Naturally, naturally; her being so young and far from home. To be sure, I'll go over and mother her a bit. I'll get my work pretty well forward this week. Then Eileen will come and keep house for a spell, and I'll be free. Made you happy? Well, a little happiness doesn't hurt anybody. Don't mention it," with a parting wave of her fat arm, "accidents will happen in the best-regulated families."

On her way to the house the artful Antoine had waylaid her, with: "W'at's up w'it Davidson, eh? Mos' break my neck tryin' to hear w'at he say."

"It's most a pity you didn't," and Mrs. Kelly had passed on, all mystery and importance.

The following week was a busy one at Scrub Oak. Monday Mrs. Kelly washed everything that was washable; Tuesday she ironed the same; Wednesday she mended shirts and darned socks each spare minute; Thursday garden fence and clothes line were resplendent with quilts and blankets, while within doors Mrs. Kelly swept floor and wall and ceiling, and raised a glorious dust, which was her manner of conducting a spring housecleaning. Friday and Saturday she baked and brewed, till even

ONE BY ONE SIX STALWART COWBOYS MARCHED FORWARD

six-year-old Ted was impressed by the accumulated store of cakes, pies, rolls and gingerbread. "Going to have a party?" he asked, smiling up at her from his perch on the kitchen table. She shook her head: "No, little man; I'm going to a party," with a wise nod at nobody in particular.

"It must be a surprise party, Aunt Kelly," the lad was up on certain social features, "a really surprise party."

"No, sir," laughing to herself, as she peeked into the oven at a leg of mutton sizzling in its own fat, "it's not any surprise party, this one."

Sunday afternoon she donned the military coat which refused to button over her portly figure, and the hat with the peacock plume, and drove away in the road wagon with only Ted for company. Lo and behold, next morning there was no Mrs. Kelly pervading the breakfast table, with hot cakes, coffee, and good advice. Instead, was a girl past her first youth, the slimmest, neatest thing, with braids of brown hair wound round and round her head, and dark eyes which saw much and said little.

"Boys," said Aylmer, the foreman, who sat next her, "this is my sister, Mary Ellen, or Eileen, as she likes to put it, who has come to run things for a week or ten days. She's a tenderfoot," giving her a swift glance of pride, "came out two months ago, more on account of her health than for any hankering she had for prairie life, and is doing so well they wouldn't know how to get on without her over at Cawdor Castle. She's Uncle Mac's right-hand man. Sis, the family circle."

One by one, six stalwart cowboys marched forward, wrung her hand, and hoped for her better acquaintance. Ben went last. What did it matter that she was fairly young, and good-looking? As for desiring her better acquaintance it was a polite falsehood —there was no better acquaintance, no better anything. He was but just returned from Calgary, and by the pain of his head and heaviness of his heart, knew that all was vanity and vexation of spirit.

The newcomer was not unprepared for the pessimistic tendencies of the big sallow man who scowled at the world in general, and made but a pretence of eating. Mrs. Kelly, at the parting of their ways yesterday, had warned her on this wise:

"Then there's Ben Williams, as good-natured a man as ever lived 'cept when he takes spells of abusin' everything under the sun. My dear, don't you worry if he happens to talk contrary. He gets so low-spirited sometimes he'd deny the sun was shinin' if he could."

"He must have jaundice," volunteered Eileen. "Is his skin yellow?"

"As saffron," with a nod of assent. "It looks like jaunders, an' acts like jaunders, an' I'm not sayin' that it mightn't be jaunders." Mrs. Kelly had not lived in this old world for fifty odd year without learning the wisdom of being ambiguous at times, "but you can't get him to take medicine. One thing," dismissing the matter like the mistress in craft she was, "he's always at his nicest just after it's over. Hope you won't find the work too hard—let things slide, my dear. You won't get lonesome with Ted at your heels whereever you turn. That tow-headed mite is wise as an owl, and so full of questions I lay awake nights studying how to keep from lettin' him find out how precious little I know. Good-bye, my dear, I wish I was goin' back with you, but you see," sinking her voice to a stage whisper, "poor Mrs. Davidson, yes, a young bit of a thing, an' her mother some two thousand miles away. Her first, too. I couldn't get out of goin', wouldn't if I could, the Golden Rule, you know. As my father used to say, 'we're born but not buried'," this last with a speculative survey of the other's charms, "an' never can tell when we'll need kindness and care ourselves. Good-bye again. I declare I'm right down homesick to begin with."

On went Mrs. Kelly toward the Davidson shack, on went Eileen with Ted toward Scrub Oak. "Eileen," came a parting call, "if Ben Williams acts cranky as all outdoors, don't pay any attention to him."

She didn't pay the least. He was unreasonable enough to feel aggrieved —what good was a woman if she couldn't sympathize and argue with a fellow? His "spell" was deeper and longer than usual, but it vanished at last, and he was the old kindly Ben once more. He made friendly overtures to the new housekeeper, but she paid as little attention to them as she had paid to his moroseness. Once or twice he found her dark eyes resting on him with an expression which made him uneasy and a trifle ashamed.

One evening, as Eileen washed the dishes in the "lean-to," she heard Ted coaxing Ben for a story. "Don't tell me about little Sammy, that heard the Lord calling him," went on Ted, eagerly, "nor Moses left in the rushes, nor Joseph put in the pit by his bad brothers. I know them by heart. Tell me a new one, a bran' new one."

"All right," cheerfully, "we'll try David and Goliath."

When her task was done and the boy fast asleep, Eileen broke the silence. "I thought you said you were an atheist, Mr. Williams?"

"The youngster has to be amused," he answered, stiffly, "and these are all the stories I remember. He's an orphan, poor little chap!"

"You've no right to tell them to him if you do not believe they're true," urged Eileen.

"I tell them as—as allegories, Miss Aylmer," this with some triumph.

Eileen smiled. "Who stamped so much Bible lore on your memory?" she asked.

"My mother," he answered. "She was in bed for most a year when I was like Ted here, and as near as I can make out, I didn't do a thing but hang 'round her clamorin' for stories. Bein' sick, I s'pose, made her set so much store by the Bible—anyway, she dosed me with it strong. An' the funny thing is I never forgot; know more Scripture to-day than that young preacher out at the Forks, though I ain't seen inside a church this ten years. You think me a pretty bad man, Miss Aylmer?"

Discreet silence on the part of Eileen. Ben might be a bad man, he might, but with those honest blue eyes of his she doubted it. However, it was well to keep him humble.

"Women build so much on church-goin,'" he went on, gloomily, "they don't mean to, I s'pose, but they help make hypocrites right an' left. Now I know there's right down religious men, good all through, we'll leave them out, they're not a big bunch, but what does the common everyday chap go to church for?"

"To please the Lord," asserted Eileen, promptly.

"Not much; to please some woman, the wife who lives with him; the mother who used to live with him, an' who, somehow, keeps hold of him, a sister, or

some girl he is settin' his cap for. He makes out he's aimin' for a better life; he's got to pretend somethin', but he's a hypocrite, an' knows it. I've had my fill of hypocrites. My oldest brother was one; led class-meetin' at eighteen; fine specimen of early piety. The old folks believed in him. He cheated me out of seven years' hard work, sent me out here a poor man, an' he told a lie to—to a friend of mine an' set her against me. But they kept on believin' in him, an' I knowin' him for a d——, I beg your pardon, Miss, knowin' him for the hypocrite he was. It cured me of the church-goin' habit. Mother an' father are gettin' pretty old, but they write me letters yet, tellin' me to be a good boy, an' askin' do I go to church. I answer back that I'm no great shakes, that I don't go to church now an' never expect to. What are you thinkin' on so hard?"

Eileen hung up the dish towels on the line behind the stove, buttoned her sleeves round the plump wrists, then, with her hand on the door leading to the living room, faced about. "I'm thinking," her brown head on one side, a pucker in her forehead, "what a blessing it is that you haven't a wife to be hindered, instead of helped, and little folks to follow your example. Providence did well to keep you a bachelor. As it is——"

"Providence had nothing to do with it," he broke out, wrathfully.

"As it is," unheeding the interruption, "you can't do much hurt—a bachelor's influence don't count in a community."

She disappeared into the other room. Ben swore softly to himself, and longed with a great longing for the day when Mrs. Kelly would return, and this stuck-up, self-sufficient piece go her way.

Yet when his desire was granted, and Mrs. Kelly resumed operations, brisker, better-tempered than ever, he was not wholly satisfied. Eileen went, but somehow he could not banish from his mind the questioning expression of her dark eyes, the disapproving shake of her dark head.

He did not make the usual January trip to Calgary. His reason for not

EILEEN

doing so, as he was at pains to explain to Mrs. Kelly, was that the weather was so blamed chilly a man had to keep on the hop or freeze to death.

"Just so," agreed Mrs. Kelly, "there's no fun goin' to town when one can't stand 'round and look in the windows."

He smiled grimly, picturing himself posted before a store window.

March was full of sunshine and soft streaks of warmth. Mrs. Kelly made out a list of things she wished purchased. Ben would make the trip now. Sure enough in the glow of sunrise he rode away as of old.

But he did not ride home as of old. It was a sober, clear-eyed Ben who followed the trail in the soft spring twilight.

No man is an atheist in the springtime. He can meet the arguments of the most learned theologian and make light of them, but the sap stirring in the trees, the unfolding leaf, the hardy blade thrusting itself forward, the flower making ready to bloom where snowdrifts spread but yesterday, these take hold of his scepticism, scatter it to the winds. Every springing tuft of

new greenness whispers "immortality," the earth is full of God.

"The world is a pretty good place, after all," he said to himself, and drew in a deep breath of the fragrant air, "folks ought to be happy—and good."

He met the young preacher riding to the Forks. "Good-night, Ben," he called, "we open the meeting-house Sunday, hope you'll be on hand; haven't time to stop," as Ben drew rein, "the Drains have sent for me; their little girl died to-day." Ben stared after him. "Poor John and Esther Drain!" he muttered, "but" brightening, "they have each other. It's not like bearin' things alone."

He fell into melancholy, called to mind that he was forty-two years old and without home or home ties. Heigh-ho! he marshalled the marriageable women of his acquaintance before him—Harriet Green, too young; Widow Armstrong, too old; Miss Brewster, he frowned. "It's no use," dejectedly, "I've left the matter off too long; the ones I could get I don't want, and the one I want—not that it matters much who an old chap marries."

Like many another he was ready to own to himself, but to no other, that Solomon was wise, real wise, and never more so than when he said once on a time, when this old world was centuries younger than it is to-day, "her price is above rubies." Almost unconsciously he turned his broncho toward the home of the Macbeths, a one-story log structure which rejoiced in the name of Cawdor Castle. It was his duty to tell them about the opening of the meeting-house on Sunday, plainly his duty. He would not go in, a call would bring old man Macbeth to the gate.

The lamp was lighted, and through the uncurtained window he could see a woman walking briskly from table to cupboard and back again. It was a pleasant picture. The door opened to allow the same woman to step outside and shake a snowy tablecloth. Two things Ben had a weakness for, a well-cooked meal and a bright hearth. This weakness deepened into sentimental longing—the woman with the white cloth waving up and down in her strong arms seemed to typify home, cheer, happiness.

All at once he knew that it mattered a great deal whom one "old chap" married. She must be just a little severe of speech, tall, trim, with braids and eyes—yes, eyes. He would get her, too, if he could. "Eileen," he called, "Ho, Eileen, come down here, I want to speak to you."

She came, but with her coming, his boldness and new-found courage ebbed swiftly. She seemed so far above him.

"I don't s'pose," he jerked out, hurriedly, as he shook her hand, "I don't s'pose you'd go for a drive on Sunday afternoon, along of me?"

Eileen shook her head. "I teach up at the Mission Sunday afternoons," she explained.

Silence. Eileen folded the tablecloth with extra care. Ben patted the broncho's neck so assiduously that knowing animal became suspicious, and made as if to go forward Then:

"I might give you a helping hand at the teaching; am pretty flush at Bible stories, you remember."

"You said," she began, but, like the wise woman she was, did not finish. "To be sure you can. The boys would far rather listen to you than to me. I generally start about two o'clock. It's a full afternoon, remember, supper at the Mission, and service after. Not that you need wait, Mr. Williams, the young minister sometimes drives me home."

"He needn't put himself to that trouble next Sunday night—or any other night, if you just say so, Eileen," leaning from the saddle. "I've been feeling ever since I knew you that I'm a bundle of badness. Couldn't you try an' lead me, or drive me into a better way of livin'?" Ben's voice was good. Eileen had remarked it before.

"Gracious! Mr. Williams! How would a woman of my size set about leading or driving a man of yours? You'd make two of me."

"Eileen," solemnly, "size don't have a blessed thing to do with it; the littler the woman the easier her task—that is, if she can bring herself to care—you—that is——"

"Come right in and have your supper," she broke in, smiling at Ben in a way she had never smiled on the young preacher. "I'm not going to have you throw it up to me later on that you were too tired and hungry to know what you were doing when you proposed."

"Look a-here," stubbornly, "I want your answer. Eileen Aylmer, will you marry me—not on purpose to reform me, mind you, but because you have a—a likin' for me? I'd do anything in the world for you. You ain't afraid to trust me, are you?" He flung himself out of the saddle and came towards her.

SHE LAID HER HAND IN HIS BIG ONE

She hung the tablecloth on the gate post, went to meet him, laid her slim hand in his big one. "Afraid to trust you? No," she said, simply. "You've given yourself a bad name, and tried hard to live up to it, but at heart you're good as gold." Her voice was very soft.

"We'll make the old folks a visit," he announced, joyously. "I'll write 'em this very night and tell 'em that though I haven't found religion yet, I've got the next best thing, an angel, to go partners with me," and before the eyes of the two innocent young Macbeths watching proceedings from the hedge, he bent and kissed her.

As Ben was beyond blushing for himself, we blush for him. The sky was blue-grey, flecked with rose and purple, laced with gold ribbons; the wind swept softly over the prairie: the breath of briar and leaf was everywhere. Nobody could remember how old he or she was on such a night. Ben forgot a score of years. Eileen forgot—well, quite a number.

"You're sure you ain't marryin' me solely on my account?" he queried, anxiously, "not to reform me—that is, not for that alone?"

"But you particularly wished me to do that same," she reminded him, laughingly.

"Yes, but that was before I got a good look in your eyes, Eileen," he returned, with a boldness which took away his own breath.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough presents a frank picture of the slums of London, with their densely packed and hopeless poor. He holds that while the new lands of the world, and especially of Canada, furnish the only hope for overcrowded England, they should be settled under a "clean and sane policy of colonization." To the church and philanthropic societies of England he addresses a protest against the indiscriminate shipment in large numbers of unemployed and helpless slum dwellers, who could only perish on the land or drift to the Canadian cities. He suggests instead a careful selection of those fitted to become desirable settlers, and a plan by which they might be placed in newly settled neighborhoods, among experienced farmers, where they can themselves develop into farmers. He contends that England owes a vital duty to Canada in sending out people of better quality, and argues that Canada should insist upon that duty being discharged, whether England likes it or not. In support of his position, he quotes fully from a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, in which that official describes immigration conditions, and contends that immigrants were sent over by London charitable societies, without control, the cost of their transportation presumably being paid in every case. He cites other authorities and considers the changes requisite to be enforced by Canada, and the type of immigrant that may benefit at once the country and themselves by coming here. The author then cites the threefold movement of population—westward, city-ward, and the resurge back to the land, with Canada in the midst of the westward movement, but held back by the pressure toward the great cities.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Let us not ask Canada or Great Britain what the flag of Canada is going to be in future years. Let us ask commonsense and the laws of nature. And let us do so coldly and impartially, as men and not as children.

So far as any threatening changes arising through mixed population may be concerned, Canada has no example to guide her but that of her sister to the South. The laws of our American Republic, God knows, are bad enough and badly enough enforced. Suppose we set them outside the discussion, and ask what the laws of *nature* have done for the Republic.

At once we come to the singular fact that in the American Republic there are all sorts of persons but Americans! There is no more interesting study than that of a population map, showing the different nationalities. It is to be discovered that the only American part of America is a thin strip of country in east Kentucky and Tennessee and a part of Virginia. The rest of the map is spotted with the foreign-born. This American part of America does not emigrate and does not change largely. In American cities the "American vote" is a jest, it is negligible. In the late city campaign in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the candidates for city offices were Messrs. Meisenheimer, Buchholz, Lenicheck, Abert, Altpeter, Aswald, Bogk, Perthesius, Fass, Gerhardt, Stern, Meyer, Busacker, Baudauff, Ramien and Runkell There were two other candidates, Brand and Bell, but in deference to Milwaukee sentiment, it should be pointed out that the name Brand is not English, but German!

In a late caucus in New York City representation was loudly demanded for the Irish, the German, the Slav, the Italian, the Russian, the Austrian, the Hebrew, the Polish, the Greek, the Scandanavian and the French vote. A meek man arose and ventured to suggest that something ought to be

done for the American vote! At once twelve languages and some eighty dialects arose with the indignant protest, "Throw the d—d, ignorant, know-nothing tyrant out of the house!"

In another United States city there have been arrested for murder, according to the press reports, three eminent citizens whose names are Zajackowski, Marucik, and Szynczak. One does not know the name of the Sheriff who arrested them, but they were escorted before Coroner Frank Luehring by detectives Schweitman, Hildegand and Biersich.

There is no wish here to jest at names or nationalities; but on the other hand, there is no hesitation about following the truth wherever it may lead. It chances to lead, through unsupervised immigration and through the guidance of personal greed, *directly to the extermination of the American race*.

The poorer Europeans, the ones that can starve best, crowd out the fuller-flowered product of a more easeful civilization. The gnarled plant which can starve well crowds out what is perhaps a more beautiful one. Race suicide in America is a condition. It is directly due to no one thing *except competition*. The poor Europeans work more cheaply than Americans. The average per capita income in America, *including millionaires*, is about $450 per annum. That is the status of the average American citizen, including all his acres. Now, a native born American cannot support a family on that sum, and the result is, *he does not have that family to support*. The cheap European weed is killing out the American plant, just as the English or German sparrow is killing out the American song birds; just as the German carp is killing out American fishes. In each case it is the result of natural laws. As the writer has never been obliged to make a living in any political calling, he may afford to speak the truth regarding such matters —something which few politicians and few publishers have cared to do.

Now then, the cheaper European is starving out the descendants of the vigorous Scotch-Irish, of the old men of the Palatinate, of some of the German States who made the hardiest of the early American frontier stock. The Republic owes less to England than to Scotland and Ireland. Why? Because the environment of Scotland and Ireland was that of survival, of struggle. *They did not have cities.*

The Republic, in these new days of unrestricted immigration, proceeds to prove these things all over again. Her cities are as those of England. She finds few great men there, still fewer second-generation great men. In all her history America has found her greatest men in the small community or in the country, and many of her greatest men have come from the West; that is to say, *environment produced the creature.*

Now, environment does not stop at imaginary lines between nations. Mr. Sifton, for instance, was not produced by the Liberal party, not produced by Canada; he was produced by *an environment*. Perhaps we may go so far now as to see more easily that flags also follow environments; and that, whether or not one flag shall always float over Great Britain and Canada, the latter country must *eventually conform to the terms of the environment of the American continent.* This will happen, whether or not we like it, and whether or not we foresee it coldly and impartially.

The garments of the great Republic are divided among the peoples of the Old World. Without doubt she has suffered a certain racial deterioration; without doubt, had her population been left more fully to take advantage of the splendid human environment, Republican America would in time have produced an art, a literature, a civilization, a philanthropy, a scheme of government which would have done something for the human being; which is to say for the world. Shall Canada repeat this sort of history?

The speech of the Hon. Clifford Sifton in the House of Commons, May 31, 1906, in defense of his immigration policy when Minister of the Interior, was, in spite of its political color, one of the most thoughtful and most thought-provoking speeches ever made

in any house of government on the American continent. Its tone is as firmly against British arrogance and intolerance as was the speech of Patrick Henry in the Old Virginia of another century. It carries the same insistence that humanity must advance; and that the *average man*, not the privileged few, must rule the deeds of the world. Wittingly or unwittingly, Clifford Sifton and Patrick Henry argued shoulder to shoulder; consciously or unconsciously, they spoke for the extension of *human opportunity*; although the one argued war, the other peace.

For ten years a certain railway in Western Canada had run two trains a week across a region which, in joint Canadian belief, was a desert. Certain men asked this railroad for a chance to do business in that country, but the railroad replied that it would not even establish a station unless these business men would pay the salary of an agent! One hundred and twenty-three thousand settlers were asking transportation. The railroad had not even a station agent to take their money! One recalls the funeral of the lazy man who on his way to the grave was offered a quantity of corn if he cared for it. "Is the corn shelled?" he asked, as he sat up in his coffin. He was informed that he was expected to shell his own corn. "Then let the funeral go on," he replied wearily, and so lay down again in his coffin and let it go on. We do not railroad in that way now.

The men who paid the salary of the new station agent, who put up a new hotel and boarded thousands of intending settlers free, were the men of the syndicate who came to the Minister of the Interior and offered a dollar an acre for two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land direct from the government—not mentioning several hundreds of thousand acres which they purposed buying from railroads. Under the Sifton administration this land was sold, with the restriction that in each township of it twenty homesteaders and twelve land buyers should be established; a bond of fifty thousand dollars being required by the government for the performance of the condition. The financial figures, it may be seen, would to-day be called in the picayune class; yet that was one of the great transactions of history, and there was fought one of the decisive battles of the world, when this American syndicate persuaded the old railway company to allow them to pay the station agent's salary! This battle was nothing but the triumph of the truth, that in these days men ere long must begin to get back to the land.

For these syndicate workers, fresh from labours of a similar nature in the United States, that was simple which for Canada had been difficult. What they did is very recent history. Indeed you may find in files of Winnipeg journals, of no ancient date, criticism of the government for allowing these hundreds of American immigrants to be thus "buncoed!" To-day, on the other hand, the government is criticized for buncoing Canada by letting in so many Yankees to compete with the Englishmen! They do compete, and they will compete. We do not need contemplate the annexation of Canada to the United States, for that can not now conceivably be; but we can see easily enough the annexation of *both* Canada and the United States to the flag of destiny. We can see the ghost of Patrick Henry standing at the shoulder of Clifford Sifton, arguing for the extension of human opportunity; and arguing with insistence that that opportunity shall be equal for all.

We may find profit in going over this proposition for sake of fairness. In 1896, from the Dakotas to Edmonton, and from Manitoba to the Rockies, there lay locked up in railway reserves forty million acres of land, to be earned through future compliance of the railways with their building grants. We have seen how much enterprise one minor railway showed when it refused to put in a station in what was called the "Saskatchewan desert" — now one of the richest portions of the Dominion!

(To be continued)

THE WIFE THAT FAILED

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

SPEAKIN' of matr'mony reminds me of the first year I was in the country.

I rode a plow fer a while fer a farmer at Indian Head, but I found that was causin' lassitude, and that was what the old man chased me off the farm down East fer, and I didn't want hist'ry t' repeat itself, fer he used a club t' emphasize his adjectives.

So I drawed my pay and headed fer Moosejaw, kicked eround town fer a while, and would hev been there yet if old Joe LaRose hadn't happened along lookin' fer a man.

He sized me up and sez he, "Can y' ride?"

"Ride what?" sez I.

"A cayuse," sez he, "what else is there t' ride?"

I told him I could, pervidin' the lady that broke it hadn't got hurt.

"Come on," sez he, "I'll give y' forty a month, an' if y' can't do any thing else y' can wash the dishes an peel murphys down at the shack."

"Well," sez I, "forty a month t' act as second cook fer a gang of one ain't too bad, so I guess I'll join your crew."

Well, Joe and I batched it fer a while, and I could see there was somethin' a-worryin' him and I figured it out mentally in my head that, as Shakespear says, "Man ain't made to live alone."

So I sez to Joe, "Was y' ever in love?"

He looked at me hard fer a minute, then says, "Love, the devil, what y' mean?"

"Well," I sez, "yer a fine lookin' speciment of human flesh, and I wonder some nice girl hasn't picked y' up."

Well, Joe straightened hisself up and looked as proud as a circus horse, and sez he never had time in his young days fer courtin', and say (y'd 'a died if y'd seen him sizin' hisself up in the broken lookin' glass), fer if ever y' saw Joe LaRose y' saw the worst specimen of God's handiwork that ever He turned out. His face always reminded me of a Hereford cow lookin' thro' a bush after a heavy rain and he walked like a wounded alligator.

"Y'D 'A DIED IF Y'D SEEN HIM SIZIN' HISSE F UP IN THE BROKEN LOOKIN' GLASS

Joe went out, walked eround the ketch-corral a few times, then come up to me and sez: "Say, what's a feller t' do that wants t' get spliced and they ain't no girls handy by?"

"Write to the query columns of one of the papers," sez I, "they know it all."

HE EXPECTED TO SEE SOMETHIN' MODERN

Joe never took but one paper in his life, so he took a piece of paper and a 'delible pencil, and, writin' to the editor, says: "Please tell me how to get married and I'll try and git y' two new subscribers."

The editor answered and thanked him ahead of time for the new subscribers and said, "The way I did was to cross the line, get a license, then hunt up a justice of the peace, hustle the girl down to the office, and then defy the old man to do his worst, but," went on the editor, "I'll send the paper fer nothin' t' yer two new subscribers if you'll tell me how to be happy tho' married."

When Joe read the answer he said, "damn!" and then sot down and wrote an ad. like this: "Wanted, a wife by well-to-do Canadian rancher, must be goodlookin', hev black hair and vi'let eyes; not skittish, guaranteed t' work well in double harness, and of the female sect. Enclose stamp fer reply."

Then he sent a copy t' the Press. Say, I know y' won't believe me but Joe sent me over fer the mail, and I hope t' die if I didn't hev to borry a gunny sack from old McDonald, the postmaster t' carry home the billy doos; and say, the scent on 'em love notes was suffocatin'. Why, when old McDonald was sortin' the mail he had t' keep a bottle of square-face at his elbow t' keep from faintin'. I don't know whether it was the odor of the perfume or Mac's a-punishin' the booze, but they was enough water run from the corners of my mouth t' make the Moosomin fire brigade turn green with envy.

Sich a time as me an' Joe had a-readin' the tender missives. They was nearly all alike, willin' to go anywhere er do anything, and all endin' up with the same pityus appeal.

At last Joe came t' one that seemed t' take his fancy. She says: "I saw your ad. in the paper, and am writin' this t' let y' know I'm comin'. I leave here day after t' morrow, an', if y' don't get my letter in time t' meet me at Moosejaw, I'll take the Willow Bunch stage on Monday and git off at yer post-office. Y' can meet me there an' get spliced."

Say, the next few days around that shack was like hell on a holiday. I borrowed a pair of sheep shears and trimmed Joe's locks. Then the next ordeal was gettin' the under-brush off his chin. The sheep shears wouldn't do enough damage t' his chin so I honed a old razor on a piece of grind-stone and planed it off in sections.

Joe dove under the bunk and produced a suit of store clothes, shook a nest of young mice out of 'em, then proceeded t' put the finishin' touches on with a horse-brush.

The day the stage was comin' Joe hitched up old Baldy t' the buck-board, and says t' me, "Y'd better put on yer boots an' come along, fer we'll need a bride's-maid."

I kinder kicked on that, fer Joe had put on our socks hisself and they was a hole in the side of my boot. When I told Joe he sez, "Rub yer foot, where the hole is, on a piece of rusty iron an' it won't be noticed."

When the stage rolled up to the P. O.

"STAND T' ONE SIDE, Y' SLAB-SIDED BEJUT, I'M GOIN' T' WASH MY HANDS"

we saw It. I knew Joe was a bit disappointed; he expected somethin' modern, but it was more anteeker than he'd reckoned on. But Joe was the gamiest man I ever knowed and didn't flinch. We all hiked over t' the Mission, said our little I-wills, then hit the trail fer the shack on our honeymoon.

Me'n Joe never spoke a word all the way home,—we never got a chance. She said she loved the prairie with its wide expanse of nothin', an' she said it must be lovely on a horse ranch, at evenin', when the horses come lowin' up the lane.

"An," she says "this will be jist lovely fer, y' know, I'm a poetess, an' y' must be near t' nature if y' write poetry."

"Well," thinks I t' myself, "yer pretty close t' nature's greatest effort now, when yer settin' on the seat with Joe."

Then she started t' chant rhymes. I don't remember 'em now, fer I was tryin' t' keep from explodin'; I saw Joe watchin' her with a "Well-I'll-be-damned" look.

We sailed up t' the shack with a fair breeze and dropped anchor.

The missus stepped inside, looked all around, and says, "It ain't very big, but I guess it'll do."

Then she started shooin' the calf out, so Joe untied it from the table leg and takes it over t' the corral. She wasn't there two hours till y'd know they was a woman about the house. She made me take the old hen that was settin' on some wild goose eggs under the bunk and put them in the shed—and we had to leave the harness in the buck-board. Then she flatly refused to leave old Jess and her pups at the foot of the bed. As I carried 'em poor little innocent pups out into the cold world, thinks I to myself, "There's nothin' so cruel as a stepmother."

I cut her some wood and started a fire and she got some supper.

Me'n Joe sot down to the table, and Joe says:

"Well, this looks like livin' white

folks' fashion. Did y' do it all yerself, dear?"

She says, "Yes, honey." Then she throws her grub-hooks around Joe's neck, and kisses him on his fair young brow, and slobbered over him fer five minutes. Then she starts to come around t' my side and I picks up the box I was sittin' on, and, swingin' it in the air says, "Keep back, gol darn y', if y' try that on me I'll brain y'," sez I.

She looked fierce fer a minute, then says: "Stand t' one side y' slab-sided eejut; I'm goin' to wash my hands."

Next mornin' she told Joe she was a-goin' t' send fer her brother t' stay with her and do the chores when Joe was away.

Joe says, "You'll be all right with him," meanin' me.

"With him," she screeches, "d' y' think I'd stay alone with that?"

"Well, ma'am," I says, "Y'd be perfectly safe with me." And I meant it.

But she'd hev none of me, so I packed up my belongin's in a bandanner and hit the trail fer old McDonald's, and gets a job fer my board.

At last her darlin' brother arrived and, between the two of 'em they persuaded Joe t' sell off his horses and go in fer cattle, as they liked the split hoofs the best.

So Joe starts pushin' his horses up t' the grain country in bunches and sellin' em', fetchin' home the long green and cachein" it under the bunk, until he had nigh on five thousand good Canadian bucks stowed away.

One day at dinner Joe says he guesses he'll take the dough and go down to Manitoba and buy stockers. He says he can go in on the stage in the mornin'. As Joe was quietly unfoldin' his plan, her wife-ship up and does a fit.

She rolls her eyes up inter her brain, throws 'er grub-hooks over 'er head and slopes t' the floor like a avalanche, lettin' a groan out of 'er like a disabled fog-horn.

"My God, Sally's dyin'," yells her brother; "go fer a doctor, quick.

Poor Joe, he stood fer a moment transfixed by the tragical scene. Then, quicker'n y' could deal a han' he had old Baldy saddled and was off fer the dope-dealer, who lived about twenty miles away.

In about four hours Joe and the medico came up on a gallop.

Joe made a rush for the shack and opened the door.

Horror upon horrors, sich a sight as met his eyes.

The mattress on the bunk was turned up, the money gone. One of her sweet-scented love notes was layin' on the table.

Joe picked it up and tried t' read it. At last he turns t' the pill peddler and says:

"Read that—read it," he says, "and tell me what that dod-gasted toad that I've been love, cherishin' and obeyin' has got chronicled on that parchment."

Old Killemquick hemmed and hawed for a minute, then read:

"To my dear Joseph:

Do yer courtin' in the meadow,
When you smell the new-mown hay,
Do yer courtin' on the door-step,
As you watch the Milky Way;
Do yer courtin in the parlor,
In the kitchen—any way—
But always do yer courtin'
In the good, old-fashioned way."

Joe came over t' McDonald's that night on Baldy—the buckboard and team, of course was gone—and told us all.

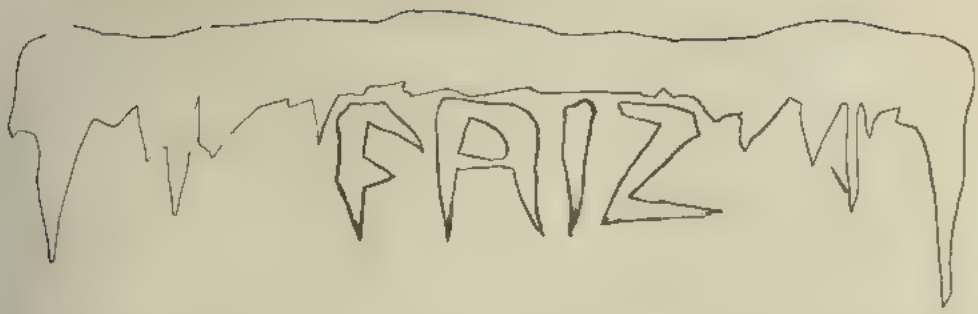
I went back and took up my abode with Joe.

Everything's been quiet since till day before yisterday, and that's why I'm in town.

A Englishman came along, lookin' fer lan' and had dinner with us, and, after he'd fed hisself, and lit his pipe he says t' Joe:

"Why don't y' git married, Mr. LaRose?"

It jist cost Joe twenty dollars and costs, and I brought the beef-eatin bloke inter the hospital to-day.



THE SONG OF A CANADA FAKER

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

Author of "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead."

I'M shiverin' so that I can scarcely write
The mercury's at ninety-nine below,
We've had two years and forty days of night,
An' there is eighty-seven feet of snow.

The boilin' water in my kettle's froze,
The fire is froze beneath the steamin' stew.
There've been no Northern Lights for weeks, for those
Are frozen and the Truth is frozen through

It's got so everything is frozen here:
I write this frozen song for frozen gold,
And as I write I shed a frozen tear—
Jack London wouldn't call this *really* Cold.

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look on the most talked of play of each month wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willard are to perform this service. Mr. Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill.—THE EDITOR.

IT is four o'clock on a February afternoon and in the living-room of the small home of the Quixanos, in non-Jewish quarter of New York, Mendel Quixano, a middle-aged Jewish musician, is dismissing one of his pupils. The furnishings of the room are a curious mixture of shabbiness, Americanism, Jewishness and music. Over the street door is pinned the Stars and Stripes. Photographs of Lincoln and other American heroes share places of honor on the walls, while a grand piano and a desk, littered with manuscript music, denote the profession of the occupants.

Vera Revendal, a beautiful girl, with a touch of the exotic in her appearance, knocks at the door and asks for young David Quixano. She is bidden to enter to wait for him. David appears, singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Vera asks him about the concert for crippled children from which he has just returned, and he says, "Ah, it was bully. You should have seen the cripples waltzing. If they hadn't the use of their legs, their arms danced on the counterpane; if their arms wouldn't dance, their hands danced from the wrist; and if their hands wouldn't dance, they danced with their fingers; and if their fingers wouldn't dance, their heads danced; and if their heads were paralyzed, why, their eyes danced. God never curses so utterly but you've *something* left to dance with! I couldn't play their bones straight, but I played their brains straight. And hunch-brains are worse than hunch-backs."

* * * *

"Oh, I love going to Ellis Island, to watch the ships coming in from Europe; and to think that all those weary, sea-tossed wanderers are feeling what *I* felt when America first stretched out her great Mother-hand to *me*! All my life America was waiting, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away tears from off all faces. To think that the same great torch of liberty which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe, shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed—shining over the starving, stony cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia. When I

look at our Statue of Liberty, I seem to hear the voice of America crying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

He is almost sobbing with emotion. "America is God's Crucible, the great melting-pot where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming. 'Here you stand, good folk,' think I, when I see them at Ellis Island. 'Here you stand, in your fifty groups with your fifty languages and histories and your fifty blood-hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, into the Crucible with you all.'

"God is making the American. Eighty millions over a continent. The real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the Crucible, I tell you. He will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman. Ah, what a glorious finale for my symphony—if I can only write it." He goes to his desk.

Vera asks to see the score, but he protests that it needs an orchestra. She suggests that she might play the piano and he the violin and tells him that she has received her musical education in St. Petersburg.

"You are a Russian," asks David, in surprise, "of our race?"

"A Russian but a Christian," answers Vera, "exiled for my revolutionary principles. I was born in Kishineff."

"Kishineff!" cries David, thrown into a perfect hysteria of emotion at the word. He declaims against the "murderers."

He seems to see some terrible vision and gasps out, as in a trance, "I see him again looking on with his cold butcher's face! Oh, God!" He rushes from the room.

Mendel, who is David's uncle, tells Vera that the boy's father, mother and sister were massacred before his very eyes in Russia, and that David himself was left with a wounded shoulder which interferes with his violin playing. "Always when David has one of these terrible visions, the one thing he seems to see is the cold, fiendish face of the Russian officer who supervised the slaughter."

Vera is filled with compassion and determines to help the young musician with his composing, and later, in pursuance of this thought, she brings an American millionaire, Quincy Davenport, with the conductor of his own private orchestra, Pappelmeister, to hear David's symphony. Pappelmeister approves of it and David is called in to learn the verdict.

Mr. Davenport promises to produce it before the smartest audience in America, with a British duke and an Italian prince to hear "a young man's scribblings," but David turns on him. "Is it true that you are in pleasure? Are all the stories the papers tell about you true? That you were married in a balloon, that you live in America only two months in the year and then only to entertain Europeans who wander in these wild parts? Is it true that the palace where they will hear my 'scribblings' is the same palace whose grounds were turned into Venetian canals where the guests ate in gondolas? And the same night, women and children died of hunger in New York!..... (Furiously). And these are the sort of people you would invite to hear my symphony—these gondola-guzzlers! These magnificent animals who went into the gondolas two by two, to feed and flirt! I should be a new freak for you for a new freak evening—I, and my dreams and my music. Not for you and such as you, have I sat here writing and dreaming, not for you who are killing my America!"

"*Your* America," interjects Davenport, "you Jew-immigrant."

"Yes, Jew-immigrant! But a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim Fathers came straight out of his Old Testament and that our Jew-immigrants are prouder of the glory of this great commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you freak fashionables, who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature. I come from Europe. I

am one of her victims. And I know that she is a failure, that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit, and that the only hope of mankind lies in a new world. And here—in the land of to-morrow you are bringing back all the follies and fetishes of yesterday: trying to bring back Europe, Europe with her comic-opera coronets, and her worm-eaten stage decorations, and the pomp and chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery. But you shall not kill my dream! There shall come a fire round the Crucible that will melt you and your breed like wax in a blow-pipe. America *shall* make good!"

Davenport is dumfounded. Pappelmeister goes to David with outstretched hand and cries, "Hoch, Ou-ooo! Hoch! Hoch!"

"Pappa," thunders Davenport, "you're dismissed!" and goes furiously from the room.

"Oh, Herr Pappelmeister," cries David, "you have lost your place."

"And saved my soul," replies the old musician, "dollars are ze devil," and he goes out.

Then ensues a tender scene between Vera and David, wherein they confess their love and plight their troth before Vera leaves.

David's uncle, Mendel, comes into the room, and to him the youth confides his new-found happiness. Mendel is enraged and cries, "You cannot marry her. She is a Christian! It is not so much the synagogue—it is the call of our blood through immemorial generations."

"*You* say that!" cries David, "You, who have come to the heart of the Crucible, where the roaring fires of God are fusing our race with all the others. The pride and the prejudice, the dreams and the sacrifices, the fasts and the feasts, things noble and things sordid—they must all into the Crucible! The love that melted me was not Vera's. It was the love *America* showed me the day she gathered me to her breast."

Mendel burst into passionate denial. "Many countries have gathered us. Holland took us when we were driven from Spain, but we did not become Dutchmen. Turkey took us when Germany oppressed us, but we have not become Turks."

"These countries were not in the making," answers David, "they were old civilizations stamped with the seal of creed. Here we are one people. Here Jew and Christian are one people. Here, in this new, secular Republic we must look forward ——"

Mendel interrupts, "We must look backward, too."

"To what? To Kishineff—to that butcher's face directing the slaughter? To those ——"

"Hush! Calm yourself," says Mendel in alarm.

"How else shall I calm myself save by forgetting all that nightmare of religions and races, save by holding out my hands with prayer and music towards the Republic of man and the Kingdom of God? The Past I cannot mend. Take away the hope that I can mend the Future and you drive me mad —— I keep faith with America and America will keep faith with us."

Mendel, in a burst of fury orders David from the house, thundering at him, "Go! You have cast off the God of our fathers!"

"And the God of our Children?" asks David, as he leaves the house. "Does *He* demand no service?"

* * * *

Quincy Davenport discovers that Vera Revendal is the one thing he has wanted in all his selfish, millionaire life that money cannot buy for him. So, in a last effort to break off "her entanglement with this low, Jewish immigrant," he sends to Russia for the Baron and Baroness Revendal, who come to Vera in her sitting-room at the Settlement. The Baron, despite the fact that he had exiled Vera from her home, on account of her revolutionary sentiments, still loves his daughter, while the Baroness, his second wife, whom Vera has never met, is a flippant, selfish worldling, incapable of affection or sympathy. The Baron is only too willing to prevent the marriage of Vera with one of "those Jew-vermin," but he doubts his ability to control the unconquerable soul and indomitable spirit of the girl who defied his most

CHRYSTAL HERNE, WHO CREATED THE ROLE OF VERA REVENDAL IN THE 'MELTING POT", WRITTEN BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

Christian majesty, the Czar, "who is God's vicegerent on earth."

Vera enters and is astounded at seeing her father and his wife, but after much conversation, she persuades the Russian to receive the hated Jew as his son-in-law and telephones for David to come over. The Baroness goes home, the Baron accompanying her to the hotel, but promising to return.

When David arrives, he and Vera discuss the prospects opened by Pappelmeister's offer of the position of first violin in his new orchestra. The symphony, David's own composition, is to be produced on the roof-garden of the Settlement on the evening of the fourth of July, and the lovers happily discuss the possibility of their immediate marriage, and exchange vows of love

"Not all the seven seas could part you and me," says David, and getting out his violin begins to play, when the door opens and the Baron Revendal appears. The violin falls, with a crash. With a hoarse cry of "The face, the face!" David, with the movement of a sleep-walker, goes toward the paralyzed Baron, and puts out his hand to touch him. With a shriek—"A-a-a-ah! It is flesh and blood; no, it is stone, the man of stone! Monster! You! Who looked on with that cold face of hate while my mother——" He raises his bow frenziedly. The Baron whips out a pistol and is about to shoot when Vera intervenes.

"Ha," screams David, "you want my life, too. Is the cry not yet loud enough? Can you not hear it? The voice of the blood of my brothers crying out against you from the ground?—It was Easter—even the Jew boy felt the spirit of love brooding over the earth, though he did not then know that the Christ whom holy chants proclaimed risen was born in the form of a brother Jew—and what added to the peace and holy joy was that our own passover was shining before us—I was playing my cracked little fiddle—little Miriam was making her decrepit old china doll, one eye, no nose, half an arm, dance to my music. We were all laughing, when suddenly my father flies through the door, desperately clasping to his breast the Holy Creed—we cry out to him to explain, and then we see that in that beloved mouth, there is no longer a tongue. When I came to myself, I saw lying beside me a strange, shapeless something. By the crimson doll in what seemed a hand, I knew it must be little Miriam. The doll was a dream of beauty and perfection beside all that remained of my sister, of my mother, of greedy little Solomon. Oh, you Christians!—the Jew didn't see rosily enough for you—the Jew, who gropes in one great crimson mist."

Vera cries frantically: "Father! Tell me this is not true—it was the mob that massacred—*you* had no hand in it—you *did* check the mob—*did* tell your soldiers to fire ——"

"At any Jew who tried to defend himself," interrupts David, bitterly.

"God!" moans Vera, and then going to David, she addresses her father, saying passionately; "Often, after my enchanted moments with David, there would come a nameless uneasiness, some vague instinct, relic of the long centuries of Jew-loathing, some strange shrinking from his Christless creed. But now," (turning to David) "now, David, I come to you and I say in the words of Ruth, 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God'."

David remains impassive. Not looking at her he says, in low, icy tones, "You cannot come to me. There is a river of blood between us."

"Were it seven seas, our love must cross them."

"Easy words to you. You never saw that red flood bearing the mangled breasts of women and the spattered brains of babes and sucklings."

Vera kneels beside him, tries to put her arms about him, but he pushes them away, shuddering, "Take them away! Don't you feel the cold dead pushing between us?"

Vera, unfaltering, offers her mouth, "Kiss me."

"I should feel the blood on my lips."

"My love shall wipe it out."

David unwinds her clinging arms and springs to his feet. "Love! *Christian* love!" (Laughs frenziedly.) "For this I gave up my people and darkened the

home that sheltered me. There was always a still, small voice at my heart calling me back, but I heeded nothing —only the voice of the butcher's daughter. Let me go home. Let me go home."

The Baron goes to Vera, opening his arms, "Here is *your* home, Vera."

Vera recoils, with a shriek, "Those arms reeking from that crimson river? You heard what he called you. Not soldier—butcher! You thought you were ordering your soldiers to fire at the Jews, but it was my heart they pierced. I hate you! I curse the day I was born your daughter," and bursting into frenzied sobs, she rushes from the room.

The Baron picks up his pistol and hands it to David, "Shoot me."

David looks quietly at the pistol and puts it down on the table. Without a word, he picks up his violin and gropes his way blindly from the room.

The fourth act shows the Settlement roof-garden on July fourth, everything wet and gleaming after rain. David is discovered alone on a bench. His symphony has been performed and has met with great success, but all is as dead sea ashes in his mouth, until Vera comes to him to offer the thanks and congratulations of the Settlement.

She says, "I watched the faces—those faces of toil and sorrow, those faces from many lands. In some strange, beautiful way, the inner meaning of your music stole into all those simple souls."

"And *my* soul," asks David, "what of *my* soul? False to its own music, its own mission, its own dream. I preached of God's Crucible, this great new continent that would melt up all race-differences and vendettas. And God tried me with His supremest test. He gave me a heritage from the Old World, hate and vengeance and blood, and said, 'Cast it all into my Crucible'. And I said, 'Even Thy Crucible cannot melt this hate, cannot drink up this blood'. And so I sat, crooning over the dead past, gloating over the old blood-stains—I, the apostle of America, the prophet of the God of our children. Were it seven seas between us, you said, our love must cross them. And I—I, who had prated of seven seas."

"Not seas of blood," said Vera, "no man could have blotted that out."

"Yes, 'by faith in the Crucible," replies David. "From the blood of battlefields spring daisies and buttercups. But in the supreme moment my faith was found wanting. You came to me, and I thrust you away. Ah, you cannot forgive me."

"Forgive? It is I who should go down on my knees for my father's sin. Shall the shadow of Kishineff hang over all your years to come? Shall I kiss you and leave blood upon your lips, cling to you and be pushed away by all those cold, dead hands?"

David takes her hands, "Yes, cling to me, despite them all. Cling to me, till all these ghosts are exorcised. Cling to me till our love triumph over death. Kiss me, kiss me now."

She gives him the Russian Easter Kiss, the three kisses of peace, and he says, calmly, "Easter was the date of the massacre. See! I am at peace."

He looks out from the roof-garden over the harbor of New York with its gleaming statue of Liberty, where the crimson glow of the sunset makes the sky one glory of burning flame. Exalted by the spectacle, he exclaims: "It is the fires of God round His Crucible. There she lies, the great melting pot. Listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, Vera, what is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward." (Raises his hand in benediction over the shining city.) "Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions fated to fill this giant continent. The God of our *children* give you peace."

AMONG THE HABITANTS

BY RUBY M. BOTHWELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THESE early years of the twentieth century, when the Giant Progress is striding in seven-league boots to the uttermost parts of the earth, reducing peoples and habits and customs to a dead level of sameness, it is refreshing to find an accessible corner to which he has not yet penetrated.

French Canada is to-day almost as untouched as it was a century ago by the changes which are bringing even the dreamy mystics of the Far East into line with the more practical and adventurous spirit of the Occident; and the tourist who seeks the health-giving air of the St. Lawrence will find along its shores a people as primitive as the heart of a poet could desire. The inhabitants of the little picturesque villages which cluster on the banks of the mighty river of the north are purely French. As far as their language, their laws and customs are concerned, they might be the very same people whom Jacques Cartier left to face the rigors of a northern winter three hundred odd years ago. They have retained their characteristics as they never would have done in revolutionary France, for the easy British rule has left them almost entirely to their own devices. Imagine thousands of British subjects, in the most loyal of all the British colonies, living under the protection and enjoying the prestige of the Union Jack, yet unable to speak a word of English. The consequence of this isolation is that they have become far and away the most interesting race in North America.

Life in these quiet places is delightfully primitive. Remote from the

MADAME NARCISSE, GRANDMOTHER OF A WHOLE VILLAGE

marts of men, the habitants are dependent upon their own resources for many of the necessaries of life. Every house has its outside bake-oven—a thing of brick and mortar, with a rude lean-to to protect it from the weather;—the spinning-wheel is as necessary an article as the sewing-machine in a more modernly-equipped household, and the floors, often rough-hewn, are covered with catalongs, the rag carpet beloved of our grandmothers. Jean Ba'tiste's pipe is filled with tobacco of his own growing, and it is only of very late

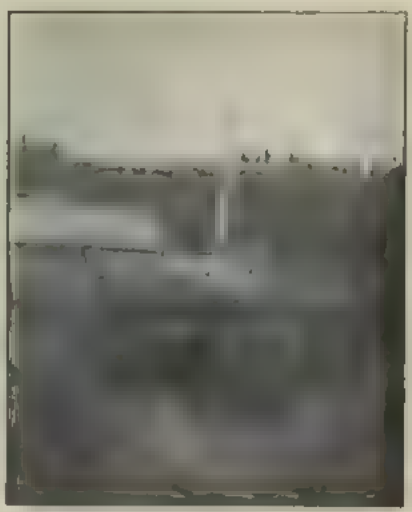
AN OUTSIDE BAKE OVEN AT LES EBOULEMENTS P.Q.

years that the music of the scythe-sharpening has given place to the click-clack of farm machinery; while there are few barns that do not contain a queer survival of the past in the form of a threshing-machine not unlike a merry-go-round.

The beauty of the scenery by which they are surrounded may have something to do with the content which fills

A SPINNER AT HER WHEEL

the lives of these people. All about them rise the velvety heights of the Laurentian Mountains, dark green near at hand, merging into deep blue farther on, then melting away into the misty distance; but always mysterious, always exquisitely beautiful. The aspect of the sky, the river, the everlasting hills themselves, changes incessantly. Sometimes they are grey and chill, and full of a strange, pensive sadness; but oftener they are radiant with light and sunshine, the wind racing, the clouds scudding, the waves dancing, life everywhere pulsating with joy. Sometimes, as night comes on, the fog drops a



A WAYSIDE CROSS

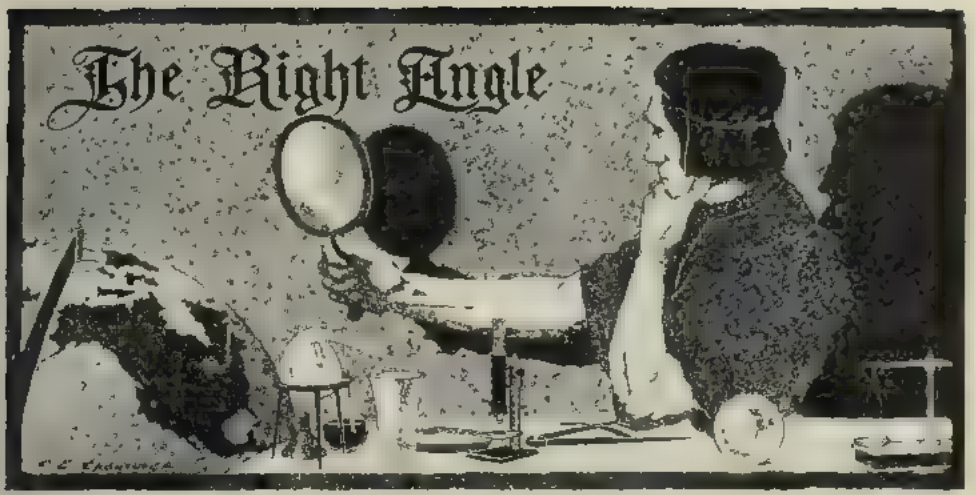
THE WATER SUPPLY

heavy curtain over hill and river, and then the weird wail of the fog-whistle sounds out of the darkness, and the ships crawl past in fear and trembling, gliding into view here and there, where the mist is thin, like silent ghosts of craft wrecked long ago.

Simple, polite and picturesque to a degree, these representatives of the France of other days live on the lonely shores of the majestic river, year in and year out, through the long, dreary, winter, and the short, perfumed summer — patient, frugal, sober and God-fearing — never troubling their heads about the rest of the world with its fashions and follies, never caring to go beyond their own parish, content to end their days in the low, white-painted, dormer-windowed houses that sheltered their grandfathers; and thereby escaping the heart-burning and misery that so often fall to the lot of a more ambitious people.

A TYPICAL FRENCH CANADIAN HOUSE

THE OLD CHAPEL OF TADOUSAC, BUILT IN 1647



OUR CHANGE OF PRICE

AFTER April 1, 1909, the price of CANADA-WEST will be fifteen cents the copy, and $1.50 by the year.

This change is not arbitrary, but follows the emergence of CANADA-WEST into the higher-priced grade of magazines. In quality of contents, in scope of interest, and in the beauty of its pictures, CANADA-WEST for many months has been level with other magazines that command the higher price. Its circulation has grown in Canada with rising rapidity from month to month, because it is Canadian to the core. And since it gives to Canadian readers what they cannot get in other publications in that class, it is by just so much more worth the same price they pay for the others.

Those who are now on our subscription list may renew for one, two or three years more at the old yearly price of one dollar—the renewal to begin with the expiration month of their present subscriptions. But on April 1, the new sales price of 15 cents will become effective to all buyers; and the new yearly rate of $1.50 to all new subscribers.

SIR THOMAS AND MR CARNEGIE

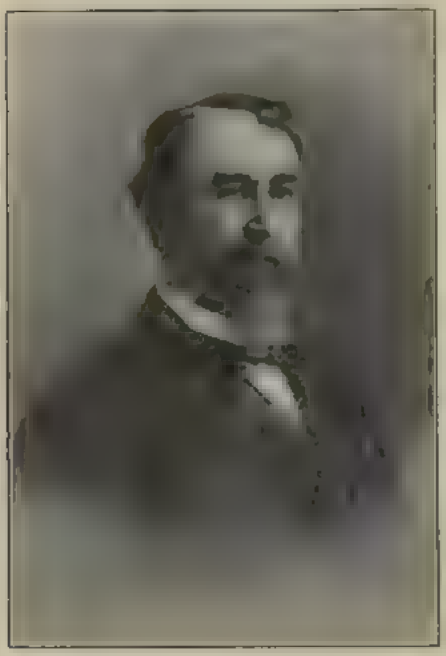
SIR Thomas Shaughnessy's suggestion, in the February CANADA-WEST, that a non-partisan tariff commission be created in Canada met with a strong response when, on February 15th, Andrew Carnegie, in a New York interview, followed with a suggestion of the same sort for the United States

"Our trouble," said Mr. Carnegie, "with revisions of the tariff will be greatly overcome by the appointment of a non-partisan tariff commission. This should constitute a staff of able, disinterested men, charged with studying conditions in our own and all other manufacturing countries."

The view held by Sir Thomas is identical with that held by Mr. Carnegie, and contemplates a separation of matters intrinsically commercial from those concerned with general internal politics. The question of tariffs cannot be approached at all without almost at once developing fine distinctions and subtle conflicts of interest, which in the broad economy of nations ought to be adjusted by means free from partisan influences This is the point advanced in common by both these representative men of great affairs.

A GOOD MAN GONE

MORE than his country and his immediate friends suffered loss when Thomas Lowry died in Minneapolis last month. Not only his business interests but his genial personality, his ready sympathies, and his breadth of view had made him known and won him warm esteem east, west and north Mr. Lowry was one of the group of able men who in the eighties did so much to advance the cities of Minneapolis and



THE LATE THOMAS LOWRY
President of the "Soo Line", who died Feb. 4, 1909

St. Paul, which are and have been, more than any other cities of the United States, concerned with the growing affairs of Manitoba. He brought the traction system of Minneapolis from a rudimentary condition into metropolitan efficiency, and fathered rapid transit between the twin cities. He was one of the principals in the development of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, and at the time of his passing was President of that Company, as well as of the Twin City Rapid Transit Railway.

Mr. Lowry was of the kind who confer prosperity upon others and the public while winning prosperity themselves. He began life with empty hands, and died rich; but his fortune was made by sheer force of his own genius, and never in any way or degree at the cost of others. His successes were solid as well as brilliant. He left behind him no ground for criticism in the mind of any man, and this is much indeed to say of one whose native force was great as his.

THOSE TRADE CHANNELS

THE ingenious and mercurial gentlemen who enliven that canyon of finance known as Wall Street have been shocked into a discovery that freight traffic, like water, is bound to follow the most natural channels—or like electricity, the line of least resistance. A well known New York financial journal on December 18th, had this to say:

"The warnings so often given in this column, and merrily ridiculed by Wall Street, assumed the serious aspect they deserve to-day, when a sub-committee of the Trunk Line Association of America announced that the Canadian Pacific railway has actually invaded New York city and is taking about 250 tons of freight daily for the west by way of the New Haven. The railroads of the United States are absolutely helpless to prevent this competition, which is backed by shorter lines, lower capitalization and a record of management free from graft. The New Haven will be asked to fix prohibitive rates on Canadian Pacific business, but if it does so the Canadian Pacific can smash the tariffs and demoralize every railroad in the northwest, for the earth is round like a ball. The situation developed is very serious, and comes as a surprise only because it is a year sooner than expected. This is vastly more important than the fact that a few stock operators are building a new smelter. It is a basic trouble. It may put an entirely new face on the situation in the stock market. It is an invasion that the interstate commerce commission cannot control."

In spite of the fact that the railway companies in the States have had knowledge of this in advance, they seem to have been caught napping. The great trunk lines of Canada are legitimately entitled to the traffic that, in the operation of those principles which broadly underlie all commerce, will naturally flow to them; and what is more to the point, they are bound to get it.

THAT'S THE THING

IN the February "Right Angle" there appeared a letter from Mrs. J. J. Armstrong, of Lake Francis, Manitoba, expressing appreciation of Cy Warman's poem, "Little Wild Goose," which was published in CANADA-WEST for November. Mrs. Armstrong told how her own little boys "never tired of hearing it," and suggested that the grown-ups could very well spare Mr.

Warman for a time "if he would promise to write a volume of such lovely tender things for the little folk."

The grown-ups might not all be quite so willing to cede Mr. Warman to the children, but the compliment was none the less graceful and grateful Mr. Warman read it and was touched as only a writer can be when a bit of his best and finest work has found a happy lodgment and response. He has written a note somewhat to that effect, and adds, "I am sending you a verse on this. Listen:" Here is the verse

"Not alone the little cheques our sonnets bring
Nor the raptures of the singers when they sing
But the story we impart
If it reach a mother's heart
And the hearts of little children—*that's the thing*!"

It is the thing, indeed. Nothing is finer than the verse or story or the story in verse that reaches the springs of sympathy in children. These most merciless of critics respond with all their warmth to simple truth, but no beauty of treatment can save an artificiality from instant rejection. Perhaps in the ultimate estimate the truest, if not the greatest poet is the one who can do what Mr. Warman has done in "Little Wild Goose"—reach a mother's heart, and the hearts of little children.

EARL GREY APPRECIATES "LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN"

IT is not often a work having a serious purpose and honestly written escapes criticism and stands in the receipt only of discerning praise. This is the happy lot of the "Letters of a Remittance Man," by W. H. P. Jarvis, recently published serially in CANADA-WEST. A few nervous people have seemed to fear that "such a representation of Canada's treatment of young Englishmen" might prejudice this country with the people at home. That is about the only comment which could be construed as possibly adverse. Earl Grey has written to Mr Jarvis a contrary opinion. By permission of Mr. Jarvis, His Excellency's letter is here reproduced:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA

DEAR MR. JARVIS,—I should like to congratulate you most heartily upon the service you have rendered both to Canada and to the incoming stream of young Englishmen, in the "Letters of a Remittance Man." They give a much needed hint, in the friendliest manner possible, to young Englishmen coming to Canada. If they would read and take the lesson to heart, they would save themselves much suffering and trouble; but perhaps it is vain to hope that a man of the temperament of Reginald Brown could be induced to change his attitude by any other than the bitter medicine of personal experience. I remain, yours truly, (Signed) GREY

If anyone is qualified to gauge the effect and value of this particular story, Earl Grey is, most surely. His appreciation is graceful as well as sound and a compliment of the highest order to the author

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF LOUIS

M. B. ALESHIRE'S name is not among the least of those which adorn the pages of CANADA-WEST though the roster is long, and lustrous with high reputations. Mr. Aleshire has much of the gift of Phil May in pen-and-ink drawings of character, but his sense of the satirical has carried him from the field of plain illustration into the more widely popular one of cari-

Photograph by Mais

ARTHUR STRINGER IN THE TROPICS
(At Barranquila, Colombia, 1908)
Early in the spring his new novel, "The Gun Runner," will be published in New York and Toronto. The scene of this story is laid in South America. Later in the year, Mr. Stringer is to begin work on a novel of life in the Canadian West.

cature. It is fortunate for those whom he takes for his subjects that his sense of satire is modified by a warm humor and kindliness; else might he make many a good man squirm, as others do who are less gentle, though no more keen. There is little room for acids in the nature of a man who comes of an English mother and a Holland-Dutch father, as he does.

Mr. Aleshire is illustrating "The Letters of Louis," now current as a serial in CANADA-WEST.

A PICTURE LESSON FOR THE EMPIRE

THE London Graphic in a recent issue gave several pages to an account of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the new All-Canadian Transcontinental railway. The article, which is profusely illustrated, is one of the most illuminative that any old-country publication has given to a Canadian topic. It is written with understanding, and, with its pictures, conveys a strong and valuable impression of the scale on which a great railway is developing the country. Publication of such material in a leading and popular journal, at the capital of the Empire, is a pointed commendation of Canada to all the other dominions.

The map of the line, from ocean to ocean, is a striking exposition of the magnitude of the Grand Trunk Pacific enterprise. All the pictures are good, but the double page showing Prince Rupert, the western port and terminus, is not only faithfully panoramic in its many views but an achievement in photographic art.

"GIVING TO HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME"

DE WOLF HOPPER is telling the people in the States that in Winnipeg in winter time it is so cold that "polar bears wander into the dining-room and pick up the crumbs," and people "come to the theatre in evening clothes and buffalo robes." He adds, by way of frosty concession, that the sleighing is fine. "But," he says, "you can get the same thing much cheaper nearer home. Just wait for a real cold day, put on your pajamas, sit on a cake of ice near an open window and ring a bell."

We are glad to know what Mr. Hopper thinks—or thinks he thinks—and we are sorry that he did not like the climate. The next time he visits Winnipeg in winter, the citizens will try to make it warm enough for him, and if he comes in summer, he may look for a frost. Winnipeg is generously accommodating.

Nobody doubts Mr. Hopper saw weird costumes and polar bears. But these phenomena are not local. Zoology in special has qualities that haunt. But what produced polar bears? Instead of wolverines? Or Wapiti? Were there olives, or what fruit, at the bottoms of the—the—finger-bowls in that "dining" room? The different effects of submerged savories on different people offer a study of recondite obscurity on which Mr. Hopper, by furnishing particulars, might throw some light.

STUDENT AND INSTRUCTOR

THROUGH efficient special service rendered the government, W. L. Mackenzie King has of late been so much in the public eye that his rise to higher favor is among the early possibilities. His ability has been recognized beyond our own boundaries, and this has brought to the editor of CANADA-WEST a note from Mr. King's former instructor, Dr. Charles R. Henderson, one of the most eminent sociologists of the United States. It is a very pleasant note, and illuminative of a good teacher's attitude towards the work of his pupils.

"My old student, W. L. M. King," writes Dr. Henderson, "has arrived." And adds, with touching truth, "a teacher's salary is his means of living; his successful students are his reward." There is something noble in that saying. In this most material of all ages, there still remain a few men who devote their lives to the common good in its larger aspects, and through whom the world progresses toward higher states and the triumphs of peace. Dr. Henderson is of that order. He might say with the great Agassiz, "Money? I have never had time to make money."

DR. CHARLES R. HENDERSON

W. L. MACKENZIE KING

THE MAN WHO WROTE "A SYMPHONY."

THERE is sound-hearted cheerfulness and homely philosophy in the little poem, "A Symphony," in this number of CANADA-WEST. The author lived its sentiment, in his own life—a life that was cut off all too untimely, a few weeks ago. He died suddenly, of quick pneumonia, in the midst of his activities and in what should have been the mid-forenoon of his career.

Edward Laurence Lee was a young man, of sturdy English derivation. He was an actor, and a good one, but back of that a poet, whose gifts were just beginning to receive a fitting recognition. The pity of it is that in his death there died so many unborn things of his brain for which the world would have been better. Mr. Lee was a singularly upright and unselfish soul, who loved his chosen art, but loved his fellows more. "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a Man."

ORIGINAL PROVERBS OF THE HOUR

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

1. It isn't the long spear, but the steadiest that impales the big salmon.

2. A little devil devilleth the whole dump.

3. Every man has his price, every woman her caprice.

4. All's well that mends well.

5. All the world's a stage; and for the most part, it's a bumpy road it travels over.

6. If you call a man "a vulgar fraction," he gets mad. Tell him he is a pure circulating decimal, and he beams all over.

7. An archer is known by his game, not by his arrows.

8. An honest lawyer is the scarcest work of God.

9. The cow with the short temper shouldn't have long horns.

10. "A custom more honored in the breach than in the observance"—a mother's patch on her boy's trousers.

11. Thirsty men catch at straws.

12. He who fools with dynamite is soon parted.

13. Our relatives we inherit; but, thank God, our friends we find ourselves.

14. Misery loves company; but rational company doesn't hanker after misery.

15. It's a poor story that ends two ways.

16. It's a rare coat that has no turning.

17. Those who sit in play houses shouldn't throw vegetables.

18. The Bobby catches those who help themselves.

19. It is easier for a camel to get into heaven than for a shabby man to catch the eye of the beadle.

20. A bird on the plate is worth three on your bonnet.

21. What is love without another.

22. Those who love in glass houses are apt to be kodaked.

23. God help the man who can't help himself these days.

24. A lie nailed in time saves nine.

THE FORCE OF HABIT

TOUCHED by his sad story, a Montreal woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy-looking hobo who had applied at her back door. "Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?" "No, mum," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."

HIS FUTURE

SHE—"What does the baby give promise of being?"

He—"A town crier, I reckon!"

Robin Hood Flour
Is the Perfect Flour

¶ Housewives using it find at once that it is different from other flours.

¶ Made of best Saskatchewan wheat, a dry hard wheat, it absorbs more moisture than other flours, therefore add more water.

¶ Note the increase in the amount of bread made and the bread's exceedingly sweet flavor. It is the most nutritious loaf you can possibly procure.

¶ Buy "Robin Hood" the different flour the next time you buy.

The Saskatchewan Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

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